

THE

# CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

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## ART. I.—THE UNITARIAN MOVEMENT.

THE word “sect” is thus defined in Webster’s Dictionary:—

“SECT. 1. A body or number of persons united in tenets, chiefly in philosophy or religion, but constituting a distinct party by holding sentiments different from those of other men; a denomination.

“2. A denomination which dissents from an established church.

“3. A cutting or cion.”

The last definition indicates the origin of the word from the Latin *secta*, a cutting, or thing cut off from a main body.

The usage of this word, in the ecclesiastical or religious world, has been different at different times; but it has always carried with it, until recently, something like reproach,—as applicable to deserters, dissentients, eccentrics,—or, at any rate, to persons holding sentiments different from those of other men, which is commonly felt to be a sign of imperfect influence and transitory importance.

Our Saviour and his earliest followers were Jews, and, as they strictly fulfilled the letter and spirit of the Jewish law, they were regarded, not as introducing a new religion, but only as establishing a new *sect*, when they preached the gospel. How different a relation the new faith bore to Judaism, from that which the various existing sects of Judaism bore to each other, was not at all understood at the time when the Jews in Rome came to Paul, and said, “We desire

to hear what thou thinkest; for, as concerning this sect (to which you belong), we know that everywhere it is spoken against." This new sect, in fact, was to become the universal Church. It was no sect at all, but the birth of new and divine truth, which, after being everywhere spoken against, was to be everywhere welcomed and loved, and crowned with triumph.

In like manner, when Protestantism commenced its career it was esteemed, and probably esteemed itself, a sect of Romanism. There were reformers before Luther, who prefigured and preluded Protestantism; and there is no reason to think that Luther himself anticipated any disconnection with the Papal See, when he began his glorious protest against its errors. And yet the Reformation has turned out not a sectarian, but a universal movement; one of the great spiritual epochs in the history of man and the Church. Its real significance nobody knew at the time, any more than the significance of the printing-press or the steam-condenser was understood at its origin. As Judaism has now become a sect itself, that is, something *cut off* from the general life of the world, an isolated body; while Christianity has universal relations, affecting the remotest heathen prospectively, and even immediately: so Romanism is fast becoming a sect,—that is, losing its place as a universal power or influence connected with the future of society. Immense and grand as its form still is, powerful and even dangerous as its influence continues to be, Romanism is conceded, by the general judgment of literature, science, art, politics, civilization, to belong to the past and present, not to the present and future. Human thought, feeling, energy, aspiration, are running away from it; and it has no power to go with them, or to order them back. Romanism is slowly, but surely, become a great sect,—a body cut off from the general life and sympathy of the world, considered as a whole. Protestantism, on the contrary, is not a sect, but stands related to Romanism, as Christianity did to Judaism. It is a world-wide influence, identified with the real movement of society; the life of the decisive and representative nations;

the religion of commerce, practical and theoretic science, literature, and political freedom. While the visible Church was the real representative of human interests,—the greatest power in the world,—whatever separated itself from the church, was rightly called a sect. But “sect” now is the appropriate name for any religious movement or body, which is behind, or aside from, the religious and Christian thought and feeling of the world. The only universal Church now recognized is the invisible Church of common religious thought and sentiment. And a sect is a body of Christians who go apart from this general body, to cultivate and enjoy some peculiarity of opinion or practice, with which the body at large has no sympathy. Protestantism is not a sect; because it has universal and all-embracing sympathies, principles, and instincts, which are entering into, not merely the theological and ecclesiastical, but the practical, domestic, business, and political life of the world; just as Romanism did in its best days. What has a Church to boast of in catholicity, when its influence stops at the church-door, or is felt only in what are technically called “spirituals”? The true Church is the Church that governs men in their real affairs, whose principles and sentiments are influential on all their other pursuits and interests. Protestantism has such an influence, and therefore it is not a sect; that is, it is not cut off, at any point, from the heart and mind of the world. Romanism itself lives in the strength of it; feels its power, and owes re-animation very much to Protestant leaven, working in its lump.

But though Protestantism is not a sect, but a Church, a power, a spirit; yet it is full of sects,—that is, of friends, disciples, allies, of its common cause, who, to the general principles of Protestantism, add some peculiarity, which is magnified into sufficient importance to become a ground of separation and distinction. From an inability to agree in what is fundamental to Protestantism, as well as through the influence of national temperaments, local feelings, or individual genius,—not to speak of jealousies, superstitions, and rivalries,—Protestantism, while united on a common plat-

form of principles, is divided into numerous bodies, whose dogmas, polity, and forms are strictly confined to their own separate ranks, and by which they are emphatically constituted *sects*. That is to say, these peculiarities, to the extent of the importance attached to them, sever them from the faith, sympathy, and affections of the great mass of Christians. We do not speak of this with surprise, disrespect, or regret. Sectarian bodies in religion have an important part to play. They do for the Church what parties do for the State, or what local feeling does for patriotism, or *esprit de corps* does for an army. Human nature is too weak to live on principles alone, or even on affections. It wants the aid it derives from its less dignified and more superficial feelings; from emulation, neighborhood, symbol, an immediate object, limited responsibility, and a definite and palpable organization. Sects, then, are necessary and good; but they are also subsidiary and mortal. The more sectarian a body of Christians can be,—that is, the sharper and more jealous their peculiarity, if it be skilfully selected, and based upon a well-understood bias or quality of national, or, far better, of human feeling,—the more efficient, prosperous, and popular will it be. If a sect spring up from merely local or passing circumstances, it will grow with immense rapidity, and die as soon. If it represent deep-seated tendencies or wants, it will have perhaps a slower growth, but a long and useful life. But, in every case, the growth of a Protestant sect is more or less hostile to pure Protestantism. Because every sect, in proportion to its success, grows more sectarian: that is, its peculiarities grow harder and harder, its genius more and more set, until it comes to stand more for itself than it does for the Church. Nay: it presently, like the Episcopal sect, claims to be *the Church*, on the score of its apostolic succession, or some other specialty. Let not our meaning be mistaken: *sectarian* does not *necessarily* mean—although, alas! it is very commonly and quite naturally understood to mean—bitter, inimical, denunciatory. Large and strong denominations are rarely ill-tempered. Sectarianism is not even invariably associated with zeal and proselytism. A

denomination may become so self-satisfied and thoroughly imbued with its own policy and opinions, that it ceases to care about what others think of it, or even to know what others think about any thing. And if this body has, after all, a somewhat purely ecclesiastical life,—a life that produces little effect upon society, and is little in sympathy with popular instincts,— notwithstanding its size and outward prosperity, it is, after all, only a sect,—a body cut off from the Church in the heart of humanity,—and destined some day to be left behind like a ship in tow, without sails or a destination, which parts its cable and drifts astern.

The Church and the world, and Protestantism itself, owe a vast deal to Protestant sects. But let us distinctly see, that all sects owe their vigor and prosperity to partiality of view, compromises of abstract principle, and a sacrifice of the future to the present. People must choose between, on the one hand, a somewhat inefficient and loose organization, a less definable creed, a less authoritative discipline, a comparatively unpopular position,—accompanied with perfect freedom of opinion, openness to the latest truth, simplicity and genuineness of views, fidelity to Protestant principles, and a glorious confidence in the future; and, on the other hand, a stringent creed, a strong drill, plenty of company, immediate success, distinct opinions, a popular reputation,—all, however, purchased at the sacrifice of a free mind, an inquisitive thought, a wide charity, a lasting and glorious victory in the future. In short, we may put our Protestantism into our sect, or may reserve it for ourselves to use and apply. If we give it to sect, we shall make the sect strong and successful; but we shall not have the free use of it ourselves. If we keep it ourselves, and give only our *sympathy* to the religious body we connect ourselves with, we shall join a somewhat unpopular, slow, and not very decisive body, but may keep a truly Protestant heart; and our Church, feeble though it be, will represent the Church universal, the Church of the future, the unsectarian, all-including, and finally all-conquering Church.

Now, this is precisely the attitude and position which we

occupy as Unitarian or Liberal Christians. We sustain the same relation to the popular Christianity of our day, which the gospel originally sustained to Judaism, and which Protestantism originally sustained to Romanism,—that of a new movement, based upon the universal wants and yearnings of the Church, and involving the interests of humanity; a catholic movement, a world-movement,—not a class movement, a local or sectarian movement. And this is confessed even by our enemies, not intentionally or directly, indeed, but all the more forcibly for the negative form it takes,—when Liberal Christians are set aside from Protestant sects, as being entirely on another and less holy platform. Of course, this is intended as a reproach; but we accept it as a concession. It recognizes blindly the truth, that our place and mission in the world is, at any rate, something very different from that of any of the sects about us. We have no little peculiarity to cherish; no scruple about form of baptism, or mode of ordination, or names of church officers; no special theory of salvation; no nice dogmatic distinction of opinion to defend and uphold. We leave the popular and potent sects about us to decide, whether they will be ruled by bishops or presbyters; by conventions, synods, or classes. We leave them to draw up their articles thirty-nine, forty-nine, or fifty-nine; to shape and pare their creeds to suit their consciences.\* We have no doubt that those from whom they inherited their sectarian positions were honest and earnest men, when they thought it necessary to take up their respective peculiarities of faith and order, and to castellate themselves in their separate fortresses; and we know how to recognize and honor the gratitude and veneration which their heirs pay to their labors. Turn-coats and deserters, men without affectionate prejudices and domestic partialities, we have no sympathy with. We are half disappointed to find an Englishman who is not a stubborn defender of the Church of England,—a German who is not a Lutheran,—a New Englander who is not a Congregationalist. But the time comes, when amiable prescription and affectionate conformity must give way to irrepressible growth of experience, and development of intellec-

tual and moral life. Loyalty is a lovely and charming sentiment; but it must have an end in every kingdom, when the people outgrow their rulers. And denominational feeling is a natural and manly affection; but it must always yield to the instincts of Catholicity or sympathy with universal truth, which every now and then awake in Christendom. Beautiful was the Jew's devotion to his father's faith; and many a noble heart in our Saviour's time was closed to his voice, because it seemed to knell the fate of Israel. Tender and pure were the reproaches and fears with which thousands of devout and genuine Catholics resisted the assaults of Luther and his compeers upon the venerable mother of a hundred generations of believers. Sincere, anxious, even lovely, are the apprehensions, the sorrows, the remonstrances, with which millions of Trinitarian and Calvinistic Christians regard the opinions and efforts of Unitarians. They unfeignedly consider them as in a position of the most serious peril. Upon their own principles, they should be even more solicitous and active than they are to arrest their spiritual ruin. But they are not a whit more sincere, or more deeply convinced of their errors, than the Jews were of Christ's; or the Romanists, of Luther's; or the Church of England, of the Puritans; or the Puritans, of the Quakers. They do not propose, as all these have done in stern devotion to their duty, and in reclamation or warning of all deserters, to crucify or behead or burn or exile us! Our position, then, supposing us to be true reformers, is, in respect of suspicion and honest ill-repute, just what might be expected, just what it ought to be, just what that of our fore-runners has always been,—with decided evidences, the benefit of which we enjoy, of a marked amelioration of the spirit of the conservating majority toward the innovating minority in the Church.

We insist, then, that Unitarians represent and embody, not a sectarian, but a general movement; that their position is not by the side of the other sects, but in single file with the grand epochs and developments of the Church universal; that Unitarianism stands for a common, deep-seated, inevita-

ble, constitutional change going on in the intellect, heart, conscience of Christendom, which has providentially found articulation and shape in us, and which is destined to find expression and form in the universal faith of the world. There must be a beginning to all such revolutions; and the beginners have a trying and costly experience. They always look presumptuous; are always charged with impiety, scepticism, infidelity, Atheism; they are always avoided and more or less isolated. Nay, they never seem determined to accomplish much. The bold head they present at first soon dwindles into a neck, which is only slowly followed by a body. Christianity grew rapidly at first, but then came to a stand, and threatened to die, until suddenly it started into imperial triumph. Protestantism achieved all its palpable and brilliant victories in the first thirty years of its existence, and seemed to have come to a final end; but how immensely wide and comprehensive are its victories, since the new world has taken its place in ecclesiastical and universal history! Unitarianism obtained its most striking conquests in its very earliest days, when it morally subdued the glorious State of Massachusetts to its sway. Since then, every Orthodox newspaper has steadily recorded its want of growth, announced its sickness, predicted its decease, and speculated as to the disposition of its effects. Meanwhile, we understand very well the secret of its lack of ecclesiastical triumphs to lie in the internal decay of Orthodoxy; not as an organization, but as a creed and a discipline. The very errors of opinion, the very oppressions of tyranny, the very pretensions of authority, the very bigotry of spirit, which our Unitarian fathers left the dominant Church to escape, are all so far relaxed, that nobody, in any tolerably enlightened community, need leave any Orthodox communion to secure practical liberty of conscience, or escape highly offensive doctrine. Science, literature, humane instincts, political freedom, have made common and universal insurrection against Trinitarianism and Calvinism. The teachers of religion cannot but reflect the public sentiment of Christendom. They must preach in the main what the people do not utterly disbelieve. The consequence is, that what is

called practical preaching has largely or generally taken the place of doctrinal preaching, and the wants of an emancipated public mind are thus extensively and satisfactorily met in the so-called Orthodox churches. One effect, however, of this general ignoring of dogma is, that the people imagine, that back in the minister's mind, or in the church-books, or in the hearts of those who understand the matter better than themselves, there is a set of dogmas which they believe, or ought to believe, and which sustain to the ideas actually circulating among themselves, and practically the only ideas which govern and regulate their lives, the same relation that the carefully headed-up and hidden specie of the bank bears to the bills in steady circulation. If these dogmas were only distinctly, plainly, consistently taught from week to week as they were when Unitarianism came in, their deformity, inconsistency with the logic, science, and experience of the times would be commonly felt, and men would rapidly discover how deceived they were in thinking that they believed them. But while they are kept in the background, with this goodly veil of common sense and practical piety hanging between them and the people, they may long escape their inevitable doom of entire popular rejection. Ten years of stringent, logical, genuine Calvinistic preaching, such as our fathers heard, would produce a general revolution in the American churches north of the Potomac, and accomplish more for the visible ecclesiastical triumph of Unitarianism than it can effect by its own mild policy in a hundred years. But while Trinitarianism or Calvinism comes in to the mere phraseology of the service, or hangs like the imported tassels round the pulpit cushion, which is itself made of native stuff; while it contents itself with the benediction and the doxology, and yields the sermon and the general prayer, and half the hymns, to modern and liberal thought and feeling, we can expect no open remonstrance against it, no visible defalcation from it. It is a sober fact, therefore, that when Unitarianism attacks Orthodoxy, it is always charged with misrepresenting its sentiments. And so it does, but not its creeds; for its sentiments are no longer represented by its creed. Moreover, it is not uncom-

mon to find Unitarians better acquainted with Trinitarianism and Calvinism, than its own avowed adherents,— for the reason, that we gain our knowledge of them from the standards unmodified by the modern preaching; and they from the preaching, with very little reference to the standards. In this state of things, ought we, ought anybody, to wonder that Unitarianism does not more rapidly spread as a visible organization? It is like expecting to see the fires, which are kindled in a cold day in June, burning on through the week, notwithstanding the warm sun has returned to his summer duty. If Unitarianism had been a *sect*, with interests of its own, independent of the common heart and feeling, it would have spread as other sects do, by sectarian effort and feeling. But as a general, unsectarian, representative movement, it has no sectarian power, and must wait the awakening of the common mind of Orthodoxy to its own actual condition, to see its ecclesiastical sway and visible spread made apparent and substantial.

Our present attitude is this. We maintain that we logically, distinctly, and consciously possess and teach the theology which corresponds to the ethics and practical faith of the universal Church at this day;— that the Trinity, the vicarious atonement, the miraculous conversion, the eternal punishment, of Orthodoxy,— while they stand as distinctly expressed as ever in the creeds,— have lost their place in the hearts and in the practical convictions of Christendom; have little actual power and influence, and are daily having less. Meanwhile we charge no hypocrisy, no insincerity, no concealment, upon the professors and signers of these creeds. After dogmas are dead as springs of practical influence, they survive as sacred reliques: they retain their old position, as the chair of the departed guest is still put at the table. Nay: like the wells and cisterns which our modern aqueducts supersede, which occupy as much room as ever, and have even more water than when in use, and are long protected against some anticipated failure in the new supply,— these dogmas have just as bulky a place, just as copious contents, and are guarded with just as

cautious a care, as if they were still the sources of life. It is not strange that they are still honestly deemed the actual and indispensable fountains of supply. It is so common to mistake the *occasion* for the *cause*, the thing uniformly connected with another for its attribute, that it would be extraordinary if the venerable errors of Orthodoxy were not constantly credited with effects that really come from its universal truths. Because the Trinity is not true, Orthodoxy is not without the true God; because the vicarious atonement is not tenable, Orthodoxy is not without the efficacy of Christ's life and death; because the Holy Spirit is not a person, Orthodoxy is not without the influences of the Holy Spirit. In short, Trinitarianism and Calvinism contain and cover Christianity; and all they have done in the world (and it is mighty) are due to their latent Christianity, and not to their Trinitarianism and their Calvinism. But the best and gravest minds will confound the accidents with the substance, and do it in all sincerity. If we have always drunk our water from a glass vessel, we think the glass as important as the water. If we have always seen certain sacred dogmas in connection with the moral and spiritual truths which have nourished our religious life, we think the dogmas essential to the truth, as much as the table-cloth is to the meal. We express no surprise at the constancy, and impute no blame to the loyalty, of Orthodox people to their creeds; but we as little allow that the creeds have any considerable influence over them.

The chief peculiarity of our denominational position is this: that, as the direct heirs of the noble and faithful men who broke out of the prison of the ancient faith, and opened the windows which have enabled those who have chosen to stay there to breathe freely since, we have been made distinctly conscious that we did *not* believe in the old dogmas; so that we could not, whatever others might do, pretend to do any such thing. This is the only difference between open Unitarianism and the latent Christianity of the Church universal: that we have protested against what the rest have quietly dropped, or converted from household utensils into sacred reliques; and that we have stoutly affirmed, what uncon-

sciously the rest are only thinking. This is very presumptuous ground to take, if it be not true. But we believe it to be true, and to be justifying its truth every day more and more. What do we find in the recent Orthodoxy of the most popular and influential teachers of that school, but Unitarianism, skilfully clothed in Orthodox costume, without the least change of personal identity? And does not the very nonchalance with which some genuine Unitarian — of catholic spirit, and fraternal sympathies — occasionally dresses himself up in an Orthodox vest or scarf, without the least feeling of peril to his own faith, prove how the old faith has lost its virus? Does not this general cry of the decline and decease of Unitarianism, simultaneous with the cry of the resurrection and triumph of Orthodoxy, prove that if Unitarianism be dead, and if Orthodoxy be alive, then Unitarianism is Orthodoxy? If Unitarianism be dead; dead in our literature, our politics, our philanthropy, our commerce, our newspapers, our spontaneous talk, our popular feeling; dead in scientific connections, — nobody cares less than we do, because it is not at all what we are supporting, believing, loving, and trusting to! What we mean, and have been describing in this article, is so little dead, that it seems to us as if nothing else were alive. The Unitarianism we believe in and uphold, and predict the universal triumph of, *we meet everywhere*, — in all true and widely influential books, in all social movements, in all art, in all mouths! It is the underlying Christianity of the time; that only part of the general theology of the past which vindicates its permanency, and enters into the actual life of the world.

To furnish this unsectarian Christianity with a worship; to convert it from a mere earnest Protestantism into a glorious, attractive affirmation; to clothe it with beauty and custom and tenderness, — alas! this is what we do not yet understand. And here it is that our great world-movement sticks and stays. Here it is that Protestantism, in many of its old forms, still has an immense advantage. The living body of the new faith is not so dear as the dead body of the old one; and the children hang around the coffin where those familiar

features are seen, and will not go to the new mother who alone has bread for them! The old faith has the associations, the symbols, the familiar phrases, the prestige of the past. Oh, how rich it is in such a possession! Like some Old England, picturesque with ancient festivals, and manorial halls, and venerated customs, and dear distinctions of rank,—and so loved and served long after the injustice, the falseness, and the impolicy of her political institutions are fully recognized,—the old Protestantism can still boast a charm in its very age and services, which its incredible dogmas cannot fully dissipate. But intellectual and spiritual principles outlive even the sweetest customs and most tender affections; and, when the conscience and the reason unite, the imagination and feeling must surrender. It is our great office now to clothe the new faith with new garments of praise; to lay down customs that shall one day be venerable; to reclaim symbols and associations that were too hastily abandoned; to adopt forms that ought never to have been given up; and to rehabilitate the new reformation with all that can give it an honest charm of familiarity and sacredness, of richness and beauty. The mere polemic controversy is over, and we have won the battle; and, so far as mere opinion goes, we have little to desire. But to shape into a church, a worship, attractive and satisfying to the heart of our common humanity, this new and glorious birth of God's spirit and Christ's truth, is the great and difficult problem!

An unsectarian denomination, organizing on a spirit and temper, not on a creed, is a new thing; and very few predicted any energy in the movement which led to the New-York Convention, because it was not a dogmatic enterprise, and had no other flag than the old Unitarian banner of light, liberty, and love. But such critics mistook the times. Unitarianism organizes a sentiment that exists, not one that is to be created. It symbolizes a faith that feels its foundations, and is satisfied with them, and is not relaying them, or even anxiously examining them. Within our ranks are found explorers, critics, questioners of all things ever considered established; and an invaluable class of people they are, but not the rank and file,

—the cavalry of the army of our faith, its eyes and ears: yet seldom found with the main body, or doing the chief business of the military force, which falls to the infantry and artillery.

There is urgent work for the denomination in the practical duty of organizing the existing liberalism of our American Christendom, and doing the usual work of churches among those who refuse to be churched by Orthodoxy. It is the necessity of extending Christian care and Christian institutions over this neglected field, which has animated the denominational movement of the last year. And no candid observer can doubt the beneficence or the success of the year's work. Not only have an unexampled number of new churches been opened with a marked increase in the number of young men inclined to our ministry and a great demand for our publications, but a universal re-animation of interest and awakening of religious life and liberality have appeared in our established societies; a disposition on the part of our laymen to work with the ministry, and a tendency of the ministers to seek each other's co-operation.

Nor has the spirit which has led to organization led to narrowness, exclusion, or party feeling. On the contrary, more constant intercourse, co-operation, and zeal have brought increase of charity, new faith in liberty, and new confidence in each other. Never was the radical wing in the Unitarian body so cordially "fellowshipped" by the conservatives as since the New-York Convention, which it was predicted must lead to alienation and secession. We are stronger in our congregational liberty and personal independence than ever. The voice of the denomination has pronounced for liberty and for co-operation, for progress and for energetic activity. And the churches have responded to the call.

As we write, the American Unitarian Association has just issued its circular, calling on the churches to follow their own example, and repeat the contribution of last year,—now exhausted,—by raising another hundred thousand dollars for the missionary work of the year beginning with the 30th of April. By the time this article appears, we trust every cent of this money will have been raised. It is indispensable to our suc-

cess as a denomination. Any lukewarmness or delay must be productive of great discouragement to the various important denominational enterprises already inaugurated in the faith that our body had waked up to its duty, and did not mean to go to sleep again. The American Unitarian Association has shown itself earnest, discreet, and successful beyond our best hopes. A better executor of our denominational will, or safer dispenser of our denominational funds, we could not have. The last year has given it, for the first time, an opportunity to act on a grand scale. Let the denomination maintain the Association at its present pitch of efficiency, refusing to narrow its scope or diminish its resources, and in five years a wholly new and a glorious face will be put upon our denominational affairs.

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#### ART. II.—TISCHENDORF'S PLEA FOR THE GENUINENESS OF THE GOSPELS.

“*Wann wurden unsere Evangelien verfasst?*” Von CONSTANTIN TISCHENDORF. Zweite Auflage. Leipzig, 1865.

DR. TISCHENDORF, whose brilliant services in that most difficult branch of Biblical criticism, the recension of the text of the New Testament,—crowned by his recent redaction of the precious “Sinaitic,”—have made his name a power in theology, has uttered the last word on the vexed question of the date of the canonical Gospels. A most weighty word, coming from such a source! A most welcome word to all who desire confirmation of their faith in historic Christianity. An impertinence to those who are interested in maintaining the non-apostolic origin of the evangelic documents.

The question of questions in Biblical theology at present is the genuineness, *i.e.* the Johannean authorship of the Fourth Gospel. A considerable portion of the critics of the last thirty years have given their voices against it; but the best names—and in such a matter the witnesses should rather be weighed than counted—are found in the affirmative.

When we say the best, we put wisdom and self-possession as well as learning into the scale.

The theological significance of this question can hardly be overrated. Bunsen hangs the fate of the Church on its decision. "It is frivolous self-deception or bitter mockery," he says,\* "to attempt to persuade one's self or others that ecclesiastical Christianity can continue to exist on the supposition of the spuriousness of that Gospel." "If the Gospel of John is not the historical account of an eye-witness, but a myth, then there is no historic Christ; and, without an historic Christ, all Church-Christian faith is at an end, all Christian confession is hypocrisy or illusion, all Christian worship mummery, and the Reformation a crime or a madness." We cannot go quite so far in our estimate of the import of this question; but, without admitting these extreme consequences, it must be confessed that the interests of historic Christianity are deeply involved in it. The question amounts practically to this: Whether the Founder of our Faith is responsible for the sayings and doings ascribed to him in the Fourth Gospel; whether he, and not some ideal creation, is the archetype of the Christ therein set forth. We will not say with Bunsen, No Evangelist John, author of the Fourth Gospel, no historic Christ; but we must say, No Evangelist John, no such Christ as the Church has hitherto received. A teacher, but no mediator; a reformer of Judaism, but no conscious and authentic revelation of Godhead.

Dr. Tischendorf maintains with strong emphasis the affirmative of this question, as against the Tübingen critics. That school, with Baur at their head, deny the genuineness of the Fourth Gospel, for the reason, among others, that the type of doctrine there represented belongs to a later formation. As if a writer in one century might not, by any possibility, anticipate the prevailing ideas of another! We have, in a former number of this Journal,\* expressed our deep sense of the merits of Dr. Baur, since deceased, as a scholar and

\* *Bibelwerk, Vorwort an die Gemeinde.*

† *Christian Examiner, January, 1858; Art. "Dr. Ferdinand Christian Baur."*

theologian. We have no wish to revoke the praise there accorded to the author of the "History of the Doctrine of the Atonement" and the "History of the Doctrine of the Trinity." But we strongly protest against the method adopted by Baur in his criticism of the Canon, by which the date of a book, and negatively its authorship, is determined by its doctrine. However serviceable in the absence of other indications, this method appears to us a very unsafe guide when pitted against the uniform tradition of the Church. And we know no sadder instance of the misdirection of extraordinary powers, no more lamentable miscarriage of pregnant learning, than much of Baur's criticism of the early Christian literature. In the zeal of his crusade against the scriptural Canon, he sets great nature's canon at defiance, — the irreversible canon of cause-and-effect. He derives the greatest of personalities from the dreams of brooding mystics, instead of referring the dreams to impassioned interest in the great personality. According to him, it was theory that begat the miraculous Christ of St. John, and not a miraculous historic Christ that gave rise to John's Gospel. Contrary to Bunsen's axiom, — "Personality the lever of the world's history," — with him personalities are only the puppets with which regnant ideas enact the historic play. A writer who can see in the first and second centuries of the Christian era nothing but Petrinism and Paulinism and Ebionitism and Gnosticism, — no life-warm individualities but those which the *isms* create and absorb, is a very inadequate expounder of those times. Hypothesis is good as auxiliary in historic investigation; as measure and test of historic verity, it is usurpation. It is good for occasional stimulus: it is not good for constant and exclusive use. Baur's criticism of the Canon presents a chronic debauch from over-indulgence in this heady aliment. It reels with hypothesis, and often staggers into indiscretions, like the monstrous supposition that the Lazarus of the Fourth Gospel is a mythic excrecence from the Lazarus in the parable of the Third. This inebriety of judgment gives a phantasmal character to his conclusions in that department.

To all Tübingen romance, and other hypothetical views of the subject, Dr. Tischendorf steadily opposes the external evidence. And nowhere within the same compass have we seen the external evidence for the date and commonly received origin of the Gospels more forcibly put.

It is an undeniable fact that the Four Gospels were not only recognized, but recognized as canonical authority, during the last three decades of the second century, by Irenæus, who finds a peculiar fitness and symbolic necessity in the four-foldness of the record; by the author of the Muratorian Canon; and, toward the close of the century, by Tertullian, who was not likely to commit the error which he denounces in Marcion,—that of confounding the genuine with the spurious. Starting from this point, the author ascends the stream of testimony. Pausing for a moment on the Syriac Version, on the "Itala" used, as he affirms, by Tertullian and Irenæus (and therefore antecedent by some decades to the earliest of these writers), and on the "Harmonies of the Four Gospels," by Theophilus, bishop of Antioch, and by Tatian, he comes to Polycarp. The genuineness of the Letter to the Philippians has been called in question by Hilgenfeld, but, as Tischendorf thinks, is sufficiently vouched by Irenæus, who knew Polycarp at the time when this letter was in circulation. He will not insist on quotations from the Gospels in this letter, but finds in it an unquestionable citation from the First Epistle of John, from which it is inferred that the Gospel of John must also have existed at that time, since Gospel and Epistle must have had the same author. We attach little weight to this argument. Granting that a genuine letter of Polycarp to the Philippians was in circulation in the time of Irenæus, there is strong reason to suspect corruptions and interpolations in the document, purporting to be that letter, which has come down to us. Moreover, the inference from the Epistle as to the date and authorship of the Gospel will hardly bear the emphasis with which it is here asserted.

The value of the evidence from Justin Martyr—the question whether Justin was acquainted with and made use of our Gospels—has been hotly contested by the critics. The

writings of this first of the Fathers, succeeding the "apostolic," have been the main battlefield of the controversy between the advocates and deniers of the genuineness of John.

Dr. Tischendorf thinks it absolutely certain that Justin quotes from Matthew in the first "Apology" and in the "Dialogue with Trypho," and highly probable that Mark and Luke were also known to him. "But how with regard to John? The opinion that John also is demonstrably referred to by Justin is one which has cogent grounds for unprejudiced contemplation. Seriously to doubt it, requires all the prepossession of the adversaries of the Johannean Gospel." The proof of this he finds in the ascription of the Logos to Christ in several passages of Justin, for which there is no precedent in the Synoptics or "the oldest parallel writings:" moreover, Justin is supposed to quote, in the "Dialogue with Trypho" \* the answer of John the Baptist to the emissaries from Jerusalem, from John i. 20, — words which are found only in the Fourth Gospel; and, in the first "Apology," † the answer to Nicodemus, from John iii. 4. The last-named instance has been unfairly evaded by Volkmar and Hilgenfeld. But, regarding the former, we must say that the reference to the present Fourth Gospel of our canon does not seem to us to be beyond dispute. On turning to the passage in the "Dialogue," ‡ it appears, that, whilst a portion of the answer of John the Baptist is given in the words of the Fourth Gospel, the rest is given in the words of Matthew, suggesting the use by Justin of a document different from either of our present Gospels. On the other hand, one ground of the suspicion raised against Justin's use of John's Gospel in the answer to Nicodemus has been removed by the recent timely discovery of the Sinaitic MS. The phrase *βασιλεία τῶν οὐρανῶν* differs from the received text; but that codex shows it to have been the original reading.

Dr. Tischendorf's apology does not confine itself to the

\* Written about the middle of the second century.

† A.D. 138.

‡ Dial., par. 88.

orthodox writers of the second century: it embraces, after the example of Irenæus,\* the testimony of the heretics of that period; it summons Celsus, the foremost antagonist of Christianity; it appeals to the earliest Christian apocryphal writings; and closes with some inferences drawn from the history of the text, as illustrated by the recent discoveries of the Sinaitic and Nitrian MSS.,—the one from the fifth century, the other from the middle of the fourth.

To present the argument worthily would be to translate Dr. Tischendorf's tract; which we hope some competent hand will ere long find time to do. We shall have to content ourselves with referring to one or two points, by way of sample.

Valentinus,—one of the earliest and best-known heresiarchs of the Gnostic sects,—who wrote very near the beginning of the second century, is supposed to have derived the terminology of his system from the Fourth Gospel. The resemblance between the two is so close, that, for those who deny the Gnostic's indebtedness to John, the only alternative is to suppose that the evangelist borrowed from Valentinus. “Of course, the audacity of the adversaries of John's Gospel has gone the length of even this absurd conceit. It characterizes the desperate nature of the conflict waged in behalf of a cherished opinion threatened with destruction.” But Irenæus testifies in plain terms, that the followers of Valentinus make the fullest use of the Gospel of John,—*evangelio quod est secundum Johannem plenissime utentes*; and Hippolytus cites from his writings specific sayings of Christ, as reported by John. “There can be no stronger proof of the ecclesiastical authority of the Gospels in the first two decades of the second century than the strange, artificial manner in which Valentinus and his school attempted to found a so high-flying, phantastic system on the simple expressions of the Gospels.” Herakleon, whom Origen and Epiphanius represent as contemporary with Valentinus, and who was one of

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\* “Tanta est autem circa evangelia hæc firmitas ut et ipsi hæretici testimonium reddant eis.”—Irenæus *adv. Haer.* iii. 11, 7.

his followers, wrote an entire commentary on John's Gospel; a fact which not only necessitates the supposition of the unquestioned authority of that Gospel in the middle of the second century, but also confirms the dependence of the Valentinian system upon it, as asserted by Irenæus. Other Gnostics—Basilides and Marcion—are also invoked as witnesses in that cause. The Montanists are supposed to have derived their notion of the Paraclete from the Fourth Gospel; and an indirect proof of the high antiquity of that Gospel is found in the fact, that the "Alogi," the opponents of Montanism, ascribed it, together with the Apocalypse, to Cerinthus, who was John's contemporary.

Celsus wrote his polemic against Christianity about the middle of the second century. We know it only through Origen's refutation. From that it appears that Celsus was not only acquainted with our Gospels, but knew them to possess canonical authority with the Christians. He distinguishes between them and the apocryphal writings. He says, "I might produce many things which have been written about Jesus, and written truly, but very different from the accounts of his disciples; but I pass these by." He then confines himself to the evangelical Scriptures: "All this we have taken from your own writings; we need no further testimony, for you fall upon your own sword." His acquaintance with the Gospel of John is proved by his denial, that Christ was the *Logos*, or Word of God, and by his ridicule of the statement that blood flowed from the side of Jesus on the cross.

The result of the examination of the orthodox, the heretical, and the polemic literature of the second century is, that, toward the middle of the first half of that century,—from 120 A.D. to 130 A.D.,—not only the use, but the *authority* of our Gospels is sufficiently attested.

Not satisfied with this result, our critic next explores the rich but hitherto-neglected domain of the apocryphal writings of the New Testament, and seeks traces of the use of the canonical books in the earliest of the uncanonical, demonstrating the earlier date of the former. The strongest case

under this head is that of the "Acts of Pilate," a work to which Dr. Tischendorf had previously devoted much learned labor. This book is better known to us by the appellation it acquired in the middle age, "The Gospel of Nicodemus." *Acta Pilati* was its ancient title. He finds convincing proof — derived in part from two most extraordinary documents first brought to light and used by him; viz., a Coptic-Sahidic papyrus and a Latin palimpsest; both, as he supposes, of the fifth century — that our present "Acts of Pilate," or "Gospel of Nicodemus," is substantially identical with the *Acta Pilati* referred to by Justin in his first "Apology" (A.D. 138). Now, in this *Acta Pilati* — evidently an apocryphal judaizing composition — the whole account of the trial of Jesus before Pilate is taken from the Gospel according to St. John.

The author glances, in passing, at the pseudo-Clementines. Those of our readers who are at all versed in the history of the controversy concerning the Fourth Gospel, are aware that much stress has been laid by those who deny its genuineness on the fact, that no reference to it appears in the Clementine Homilies, — forgeries from the middle of the second century. Hilgenfeld wrote in 1850 (*Kritische Untersuchungen, &c.*), "The result of our investigation therefore is, that also in the Clementine Homilies . . . no use has been made of the Gospel of John." But the editions of the Clementine Homilies known to Hilgenfeld and to the learned world at that time were defective. Since then, the discovery has been made in Rome by Herr Dressel of a MS. containing the entire work.\* And lo! in the XIXth Homily, an indubitable reference to the story from the Gospel of John of the man who was born blind.

Dr. Tischendorf is right in emphasizing with grave accent the fact, that the Four Gospels in the second century are not only quoted, but quoted as generally recognized supreme authority. This authority implies their wide circulation and general reception in the churches; it implies the existence of

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\* Clementis Romani quæ feruntur homiliæ viginti nunc primum integræ. Gottingæ, 1853.

a great number of copies ; it implies an agreement among Christians throughout the wide extent of the Christian world, from Antioch in Syria, to Lyons in Gaul. All this requires time. Many years must be supposed to have elapsed between the composition of a work and the attainment by it of any thing like the canonicity which our Gospels seem to have had in the time of Justin Martyr and of Celsus. This consideration, in the judgment of our author, throws the date of these writings beyond the limits of the second century. If this reasoning is correct, and if the Apostle John attained the extreme age which the uniform tradition of the early Church ascribes to him, it must have been written during the lifetime of that apostle, and, if so, must have been the work of that apostle ; for who would venture to palm upon the world a forged production during the lifetime of the alleged author ?

But the ancient Canon appears to have included along with the present, or most of the present, constituents of the New Testament, other writings, no longer received as canonical. And hereby hangs a piece of evidence which the critic has not failed to turn to account. The Sinaitic codex contains the entire Epistle of Barnabas, of which a portion only, and that in a Latin version, had been known to scholars before the discovery of this treasure. At the close of the fourth chapter of that Latin version, they read the words *Attendamus ergo ne forte, sicut scriptum est, multi vocati, pauci electi inveniamur*,—"Let us therefore take heed lest we be found as it is written, 'Many are called, but few chosen.'" An allusion in this form to a passage in Matthew's Gospel seemed to prove not only an acquaintance on the part of Barnabas (and Barnabas, it will be remembered, was one of the Apostolic Fathers, *i.e.*, contemporary with the apostles) with that Gospel, but its canonicity at that time ; for the phrase, "it is written," is the formula by which citations from the Canon of the Old Testament were anciently distinguished from other quotations. Its use in this case goes to prove the existence of a New-Testament Canon of equal authority with that of the Old. This seemed so evident, and yet the existence of a

Canon of the New Testament, at that early date, so contradicted the prepossessions of the critics, that, knowing only the Latin version of Barnabas, they took refuge in the supposition of an interpolation by the Latin translator. *Glossam olenit* is the comment of Dressel on these perplexing words. Credner says, "We must question the correctness of the text, until the contrary is proved to us." Well, the contrary is now proved. The Latin words are found to be no gloss, but a faithful rendering of the Greek original, now for the first time brought to light in "the oldest Greek parchment which the world contains."

Dr. Tischendorf finds strong confirmation of his opinion of the early formation of the Canon in the history of the text. We will not follow him in the track of this special hobby, which he rides with favoring, but less obvious result.

His conclusion from the whole investigation is, that the Canon embodying each of our Gospels, together with most of the Pauline Epistles, and the first of Peter and of John, was formed soon after the destruction of Jerusalem, in the last decades of the first century.

"When the holy men who had stood personally near to the Lord, together with Paul, no longer afforded the young Church, with their personal authority, a decisive centre of union; and the Church, on the other hand, became ever more clearly conscious of her independence of the synagogue, and, with the fall of city and temple, was ever more decidedly thrown upon herself, . . . then it was that the Church canonized her Gospels, and with them the other apostolic monuments from the hands of Paul, of John, and of Peter."

Not all of the author's arguments carry equal conviction to our mind. Some of the facts appear to us strained beyond their natural bias. Some of the evidence is too slender for the bearings intrusted to it; as, for instance, the proof that Justin quotes from the *Protevangelion*, which, if true, might be urged against his use of the canonical Gospels. Whether, on the whole, he has made out his case, is a question which critical readers will be apt to decide according to their prepossessions. That the Four Gospels were canonical authority

before the middle of the second century, seems to us placed beyond reasonable doubt. Nor do we care to stretch the evidence beyond this point. Their composition in the first century is an almost necessary inference from the canonicity of these documents in the early part of the second.

With the internal evidence the author does not meddle. We could wish that some space had been devoted to the difficulties of the Fourth Gospel, considered in connection with the Synoptics and with the Apocalypse. Tischendorf, we infer, does not believe in the genuineness of the last-named work, which the Tübingen critics have been eager to establish, finding therein a powerful weapon against the traditional authorship of the Gospel. The difference between the two in spirit, tone, style, can hardly be exaggerated: still it does not amount to incompatibility; and, considering that the one is poetry, the other prose, and that a quarter of a century may have elapsed between the former and the latter composition, it is too much to say that the author of the one could not by any possibility have been the author of the latter. The difference between them is not greater than that between Milton's "Comus" and "The Reformation in England," or between "Götz von Berlichingen" and the second part of "Faust," or between some of the papers in the "Rambler" and the "Journey to the Hebrides," or between Carlyle's "Life of Schiller" and his "Latter-Day Pamphlets." It is not honest criticism to reject the external evidence, and insist on the internal, when the latter consists mainly in agreement or disagreement with one's preconceptions, and the former in positive testimony from competent witnesses. There are, it is true, some things so incredible, that no external evidence can certify them. For those who find such incredibilities in the Gospel of John, the more honest alternative would be to impugn the accuracy of the author's observation, the certainty of his recollections, or the literal and historic purport of his narrative.

To reject as spurious, writings which contain accounts of miraculous events, on the strength of a bare presumption against the possibility of miracles, is an easy way to dispose

of a difficulty which the progress of material science renders more and more embarrassing ; but we cannot think it a legitimate method of dealing with these documents. Nor is the presumption itself the product of a sound philosophy. The student of natural science, immersed in material phenomena, and conversant only with physical laws, may be pardoned an impatient shrug when the talk is of miracles ; but the philosophic historian, still more the philosophic theologian, who breathes a freer air and occupies a higher region of contemplation, should not be deterred by alleged uniformity of human experience, from a calm and frank consideration of these records as genuine and honest transcripts of the mind of their time. The narrative is a fact, whatever the truth of the acts and incidents recorded in it. It is incumbent on those who reject the incidents in their literal import, to endeavor to ascertain the psychological or the spiritual fact which they represent. Nor need we despair of a solution which shall reconcile the credit of the record with the rights of the understanding.

The understanding has its rights, and so has human testimony vouched by authentic tradition. Let faith adjust the one to the other, or else let reason mediate between the two. There is a uniformity of human experience, and a constancy of phenomenal nature, which supplies the currency of every-day life : but the reaches of the Spirit are not coterminous with every-day life ; and he who has no sense of a possibility beyond experience, and a power transcending phenomenal nature, is not a competent interpreter of the spiritual history of man.

One blemish in this treatise we grieve to notice, and that is, the bad temper in which the author speaks of less orthodox critics, and especially of M. Renan. The genial Frenchman, no doubt, lacks some essential qualifications for writing a "Life of Jesus ;" but his purpose was not a bad one, nor is his scholarship so contemptible as Tischendorf represents, when he speaks of "tinsel trappings, borrowed from science, flapping too manifestly around naked bones." The Christian apologist must not descend to personal abuse, nor fail to

maintain the large toleration and the lofty patience, without which his plea may convict, but will never persuade.

For the rest, it is a pleasant relief from the negative extreme of recent criticism to listen to a positive word from an every-way competent pen, defining the limits of honest negation, and indicating a wholesome re-action against the devastating mania of prurient neology. It is worthy of note, that the actual discoveries of Biblical investigation of late years have been all against the assailants of the Canon.

“To have awakened doubts in the learned as well as the unlearned, to have been the occasion of denial to many, is unquestionably among the achievements of that spirit of scepticism which has reigned for the last hundred years; nevertheless, in the collective literature of antiquity, there are few examples of so grand an historical verification as our Gospels, if we seek it in sincerity, really possess.”—p. 69.

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### ART. III.—STATE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

*Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the University of Michigan. With a Statement of the Courses of Instruction in the Various Departments.* 1866. Ann Arbor: Published by the University. 8vo. pp. 88.

THE popular idea of Western Universities and Colleges,—the name of which is Legion,—in this Eastern part of our land, is that they are only ordinary schools with sounding names, sectarian in purpose, encumbered with debt, and as unlike such institutions as Yale or Harvard, as the Londons and Romes of the New World are unlike the London and Rome of the Old World. They send periodically, asking for alms: but, when we go to visit them, we find only an ugly, unfinished building, two or three dispirited teachers who eke out their scanty salaries by speculations in bread-stuffs, house-lots, or petroleum; and a few dozen boys and girls, young men and women, in a “preparatory department.” That this

idea is not absolutely accurate, and that there is one Western college at least fully entitled to the name University, is proved by the remarkable document which we have placed at the head of this article. An octavo pamphlet of eight-eight pages, many of them printed in small type, is required to give even a condensed statement of the officers and students, the methods and privileges, of an institution, the earliest graduates of which are still young men. The present year exactly completes the first quarter of a century since the University of Michigan was organized and opened to pupils. The catalogue just published gives the names of *thirty-two* professors and instructors, and *one thousand two hundred and five* students, in the various departments,—a number more than one-fourth larger than Harvard University, in the record of its best year, can show; and even this large number is understated, some twenty more having entered since the Catalogue went to press.

And, if the residences of this vast number of students are noted, the University of Michigan is more than a Western Institution: it is a national University more than any other in the land; and not national only, but *cosmopolitan*. *Sixty* of the students are from foreign lands,—from Canada West and East, from New Brunswick, from Nova Scotia, from Ireland, and from England. *Two hundred* of them, a number in itself sufficient for a respectable college, come from the States east of the Alleghanies. Every loyal State on this side of the Rocky Mountains is represented in the list, except Delaware and Maryland; and there are even a few students from States lately in rebellion. From Maine to North Carolina and to Kansas, from the North and the South, the East and the West, they come flocking here together, like doves to their windows. Of course, the largest number from any one State is from Michigan. The University is not without honor in its own home. But the number of students from Michigan, though very large, is considerably less than a third of the whole number. Ohio sends 163; Illinois, 143; Indiana, 115; New York, 107; Wisconsin, 57; Pennsylvania, 52; and Iowa, Kentucky, and Missouri together contribute 65

to the grand number. *Twenty-eight* States and provinces in all are represented in this almost endless list of names.

The growth of the University of Michigan, from its small beginning twenty-five years ago, is hardly less wonderful than the growth of the city of Chicago in the same short period. The first band of students were hardly more than the famous triad of Harvard "when the college first begun," celebrated in the centennial verse of Holmes,—

"Two nephews of the President,  
And the Professor's son."

Yet the "General Catalogue" (or "Triennial," as we should call it), published in 1864, gave the mystic number of 999 as the exact tale of graduates in all departments; and the next catalogue will increase this number by several hundreds. It began as a simple State institution, with only a literary department. It has now, with the exception of a Theological School, all the parts of a complete University,—a department of science, literature, and the arts; a department of medicine; a department of law; and an astronomical observatory. With the exception above named, the theory of the University is as perfect as in any institution in the land.

The University of Michigan has grown to its present proportions within one generation. But more than two generations have passed since the first appropriation was made for its support. Sixty-two years ago, in 1804, the foundation of the college was virtually laid by the act of Congress, granting a township of land for its support. At that time the "Pleasant Peninsula" was almost an unbroken wilderness, and white men were fewer in its borders than were white men in New England when Harvard gave his legacy to the school at Cambridge. The University was provided for, long before the territory itself was organized; and though trustees were appointed in 1821, and another township was given by Congress, twenty years more had to be passed before the system of public education had reached the point where the higher institution was fairly called for. Rapid as the growth of the institution has been, it was not hurried into being, but was

a long time in the making. It was already rich and thoroughly endowed before any teacher was chosen in its staff, or any stone was laid upon its grounds.

The University of Michigan is at the apex of the pyramid of State education. It is a creation of the State, controlled by the State, and is as "secular" as the common schools, of which it is only the completion. No State in the Union has a more admirable and well-adjusted system of public instruction than the young State of Michigan. The fantastic device on the State seal bids the inquirer, if he would see a pleasant land, to look around him; but the objects of the land which will first attract his eye, and will longest hold it, are the *school-houses*. For grandeur of proportion, and in grace of style and ornament, no building in the peninsula will compare with these stately and imposing piles. In church and house architecture, Michigan has not much to boast. Most of the edifices that make pretence of beauty are unfinished, and are monuments of mistaken ambition. But, in the building of school-houses, Michigan could give a useful lesson to Massachusetts. Every large town, and almost every considerable village, has a structure in this kind that the economy of New England would pity as wasteful extravagance. The city of Ypselanti has a population of some six thousand, yet the chapel of its Union School building has seats for twelve hundred persons, and within its various schoolrooms more than a thousand pupils can be comfortably cared for; and the school-house of this city is a fair type of the similar buildings in the other cities of the State, and a fair illustration of the spirit in which public education is fostered.

The "Union Schools" of Michigan are the "preparatory schools" of the University, obviating the need of any special preparatory department in the college itself. They are supported by taxation, and are free to all residents in the town or city where they are placed. But they are not merely local schools, and there is no jealous exclusiveness in their management. Pupils from other towns, from other States even, are admitted to their privileges, with the payment of a

moderate tuition fee; and none are rejected while there is room for their accommodation, no matter where they come from. In all the larger Union Schools, a considerable portion of the pupils are from abroad; and the tuition-money which they bring, helps largely to swell the school revenue. There are some disadvantages in this liberal practice; but, on the whole, the people are satisfied with it, and the teachers like it. They believe that it helps them to keep up the standard of scholarship, and that it shows a better result of their labor. It certainly prevents much of that selfishness which the district system of New England encourages, and hinders the jealousies of place and neighborhood, besides stimulating a wholesome rivalry. Each city is urged to add to its facilities in the hope of winning more pupils, and the general cause of education is so served in the end. Perhaps it is as much rivalry as real public spirit which has brought this large development in education and its resources, so amazing to one accustomed to the tardy and halting movements of New-England towns.

These Union Schools are the feeders of the Normal School and of the University. The Normal School of Michigan deserves a special notice, for the thoroughness of its teaching, and the abundance of its material; but we have not room to speak of it here. It is really only a branch of the University, in which young women can gain the same instruction and training that are given to the other sex. It is better entitled to the name of University than many of the sectarian seminaries that take the title, if we consider what is taught in it, and who teach in it. Indeed, the Normal School of Illinois, in which there are more than five hundred students, is called the "Normal University," and its Principal is a "President." This is in better taste than the name of "Normal" which has been given to the village where the school is placed.

The University of Michigan, the keystone of the arch in the system of State education, has its home in Ann Arbor, an inland city some thirty-eight miles west of Detroit, and, by the arrangement of the railroads, conveniently and centrally situated for the settled portions of the peninsula. The region

around is beautiful, the air is healthy, and few institutions in the land have a finer site. In the enclosure of the college grounds are forty acres, with ample room for exercise in every kind, and for future buildings. Within this enclosure are five large college buildings, besides four large dwelling-houses symmetrically placed, intended for the president and professors. On the east side of the ground are the Medical College and the Laboratory; on the west side, the Law building, the Museum, and the Recitation building, the last named containing the rooms of the various professors, and the rooms of the literary societies. These are quite equal, in their convenience and elegance, to the rooms for similar purpose in Cambridge and New Haven,—light, cheerful, and well provided with apparatus for teaching. In the room of the Latin professor is a large panoramic view of the city of Rome, beautifully and most accurately painted; and in the room of the Greek professor is a still larger view of the Attic plain and region from Thessaly to Corinth, extending across the whole length of the room, some forty feet or more.

The Museum of the University, in the large central building on the west side of the ground, is one of the most extensive and valuable in the country. Of course, in a State so rich in metallic wealth as Michigan, a fine geological and mineral cabinet would be easily collected; and in this there are more than twenty-six thousand specimens, many of them very choice and beautiful. The Zoölogical cabinet contains specimens of all the birds which visit Michigan, of all the animals of the State, of all the reptiles east of the Rocky Mountains; and fishes, mollusca, and shells from all parts of the world, to the number of not less than eighteen thousand specimens. In the Herbarium and Botanical cabinet there are fourteen thousand specimens. The whole number of specimens in the various cabinets of Natural History is reckoned at fifty-eight thousand, and ample accommodations are provided for a much larger collection.

In addition to these cabinets of Natural Science, a Museum of ethnology and relics, of agricultural products and processes, and of the fine arts, was commenced a few years since,

and has already become rich and valuable. In one room is a collection of busts and statues, casts from antiques; in another, a gallery of more than two hundred reductions and models from antiquities in the museum at Naples; in another, a very valuable series of engravings and photographs, of large size, of the edifices and ruins of Greece and Rome; and, in another, more than fifteen hundred casts of gems and medallion portraits. A special niche has been added to the main building, to contain the striking statue of the blind girl Nydia escaping from the eruption of Vesuvius, one of the characteristic works of the sculptor, Randolph Rogers, a native of Ann Arbor. Altogether, such a museum as this, so large, well-arranged, and various in its material, in an institution so young, is a marvel hardly less remarkable than the museum which the genius of Agassiz has filled and fitted in the old University in Cambridge.

The Library of the University makes less show than its museum; but it is still respectable in size, numbering more than fourteen thousand volumes, well-selected, and especially rich in works of philology. It is poorest in theology. It is in a room of grand dimensions, capable of containing easily four times the present number of volumes. It is rather a library of reference, however, than of general circulation. No books can be taken to the rooms of students: there is no good catalogue, and the arrangement of the room keeps most of those who come to it from convenient access to the books. The fear of losing a few volumes in a year hinders what ought to be the influence of such a library. There are also libraries attached to the students' societies; but these are small as yet, and do not grow very rapidly. The most-used library is the Law Library, which is of considerable size, and has recently been largely increased by a gift from Judge Fletcher, of Boston. For the Law School, in which there are this year three hundred and eighty-five students,—by far the largest number ever gathered in a law school in this country,—there are four professors, two of whom are judges of the Supreme Court of Michigan. The course of study in this school is very thorough. None are admitted under eighteen

years of age; and the degree of LL.B. is conferred upon no candidate who is not twenty-one years old, has not studied law two years, and has not deposited with the faculty on some legal subject an original dissertation of at least forty folios. The term of study is six months of the year, with ten lectures in a week, and no vacation.

Equally thorough is the course of study in the Medical School. In this part of the University there are ten acting professors, and four hundred and sixty-seven students. Between six and seven hundred lectures are given in all the branches of medicine in a term which lasts six months, and includes the six secular days of the week, with no vacations. The dissecting-room is amply supplied with material; the anatomical and pathological cabinets are large and well arranged; the lecture-rooms are convenient and well-ventilated; and nothing but the opportunity of clinical instruction is lacking to make the Medical School here equal in its advantages to the best schools of the cities of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. As a brilliant and accomplished lecturer, the Professor of Anatomy in this Medical School has no superior; and, for skill in "operating," the Professor of Surgery in this school is famed throughout the West. Two of the Professors of Pathology and of Anatomy are also professors in other Medical Colleges. There are microscopes for minute examination of the tissues, surgical operations once in the week, special classes for special studies, and evening recitations in addition to the lectures of the day. A curious feature of this institution is, that the final thesis for graduation may be written in French, German, Latin, or English, at the option of the student.

The chemical department attached to the Medical School is amply supplied, both with instruments and materials for the illustration of this branch. Besides this, there is a special laboratory, one of the largest and best furnished in the country, where forty students of analytical and practical chemistry may work at a time under the direction of skilful teachers. The number of special students in the higher chemistry is seventy, besides those who attend to this in

connection with the other branches of study. The laboratory is full of workers, from morning till night, analyzing minerals, soils, waters, vegetable products, and flesh. There is also a school of mines, and the degree of "Mining Engineer" is given to those who pass satisfactory examinations in the chemical and metallurgic studies required to be mastered in this branch. There is no State in the Union in which a school of mines has more facilities than in Michigan; and this branch of study is likely to be a favorite branch in the institution.

Civil engineering, too, is taught both theoretically and practically in a course of three years; and the degree of "Civil Engineer" is conferred upon those who have the patience to go through the hard work of this course, and are able to pass the examination. Indeed, in all the branches taught in this University, the examinations are frequent, close, and searching. No scale of merit is kept; there is no system of rank; and the best and poorest scholars have the same privilege. But the examinations test the scholarship, and are preliminary to the honors which are conferred. In a little time, it is evident, alike to the faculty and to the class, who are the "best men."

Half a mile from the college ground, on a hill one hundred and fifty feet high, overlooking the valley of the Huron River, is the Astronomical Observatory. The instruments in this observatory are of the largest size. In the centre, under the dome, is the great telescope, with a focal diameter of thirteen inches. In one of the wings is a meridian circle, one of the finest in the world, by which divisions of the circle can be read as near as a tenth of a second, and by which the standard time is daily furnished to Detroit and the eastern section of Michigan. In the other wing is an electro-magnetic chronograph, for recording observations. Repeated discoveries of planets have been made in this observatory. The first professor, Brünnow, a most accomplished man of science, is now at the head of the Royal Observatory in Dublin. The present professor, though young, has won an honorable place among the astronomers of America. This observatory is not

exclusively for scientific discoveries, but is used as part of the apparatus in the instruction of students, who are allowed to witness the observations, and are taught the use of the instruments. The astronomical course of study is arranged to last two years.

For all these varied branches of instruction, in law, in medicine, and in the fifteen departments of scientific and classical training, for any or for all of them, the tuition is substantially *free*. The only charge made is an admission fee of *ten dollars* to a student residing in Michigan, and to a student from any other State or country, an admission fee of *twenty dollars*. This fee is paid but once, whether the student who pays it remains one month or seven years. There is a small fee, of five dollars annually, charged to meet incidental expenses — what used to be termed in the college bills at Cambridge “special repairs by general average” (meaning broken windows, new paint or the doors, and commencement dinners); but there is no term-bill in the Michigan University handed to any student, and the steward has no duty of telling him how much or how little he has to pay. No estimate of expense is made in the college catalogue. The University provides instruction without cost, but does not provide any thing else, — does not provide board or lodging, food or fuel. The students may live where they choose and as they choose, and there is no supervision of them beyond their intercourse with professors in the lecture-rooms. If they are guilty of offences, they are amenable to the public laws like other offenders. They may, however, at any time be expelled from the college for gross immoralities; but no inquisition is made into their private habits. The discipline bears mainly on the connection of the students with their college duties. So long as the lessons are learned, and there is no breach of the laws, the students are left to themselves, to go where they please, and to do what they please. No allowance is made for the circumstances of students, or for their needs. Whether poor or rich, they are upon the same footing, and they have to take care of themselves. In this respect, the Michigan University differs from the other larger colleges of the coun-

try. Its catalogue says nothing of any "aid to indigent students," or any "beneficiary funds." There are four "scholarships," indeed, which give premiums of fifty dollars a year; but these are given, not as aid to indigence, but to encourage a more thorough preparation,—are given to those who are highest in the preliminary examination, without reference to the pecuniary ability of the candidates. The only inducement which the Michigan University holds out to *poor* students is gratuitous education. It can give no more than that; and, if more is needed, they must go somewhere else to find it. The University is not concerned to adjust the social relations of its students, or to make the laborer's son equal to the merchant's son in any other way than in giving them the same teacher and the same text-book. If numbers test the soundness of system, the lack of educational almsgiving is not an injury to the institution. There is no institution in the land where a student can feel more independent than in this. He owes the institution no more than any, no more than every, student owes it. He is as free to criticise as any can be. And, when he goes away, he has no load of obligation pressing upon him. No one can say of him that he has been in any sense a "charity student." He has simply taken his privilege in a common school, in which he has the same right as any citizen, and for which he has paid his proportion of the public tax.

With this statement of the general condition, system, and privileges of the University of Michigan, it may be well to inquire into the causes of this wonderful growth of so large an institution in so short a time,—what has given it such popularity and success. It is not difficult to see and to explain the reasons for this growth.

Chief among these may be mentioned its *liberal endowment*. The Michigan University has never been cramped for want of means, and has not been at any time compelled to come before the public as a borrower or a beggar. Its means have been adequate to its needs. It has been able to enlarge its plans, to increase its teaching force, and to grow from a small college to a great University, with no fear of pecuniary difficul-

ties, and with no dependence upon the favor of the wealthy. Its pecuniary position has been good from the start, and it has not been exposed to financial troubles. How this will be in the future, it is not so easy to say. The original gift of two townships of land, large as it was, has been mostly funded in other ways; and the interest, as we learn, is hardly sufficient to warrant any considerable extension of the present plan. It may be that the State will be called upon for an additional grant. But such is the pride of the citizens of Michigan in their crowning seminary, that it can hardly be doubted that its reasonable wants will be liberally met, and that its growth will not be hindered by any unwise economy. If new departments of instruction are needed, the means of maintaining them will be provided, even if the citizens of the State have to tax themselves heavily; and the fact of a liberal endowment does not prevent generous donations. The Michigan University has proved the text, "Unto him who hath, it shall be given." The observatory building was a gift; the splendid meridian circle was a gift; half the treasures in the museums were presented, and not a few of the books in the libraries. The graduates of this institution, not less than the graduates of Harvard and Yale, will come with their offerings; and a memorial to those who have fallen in the war has been planned, which shall be at once a hall and chapel and monument. And we may remark in passing, that no institution in the land has a finer patriotic record than the University of Michigan. A very large proportion of its graduates—classical, scientific, legal, and medical—served in the army in various capacities; and not a few of these gave their lives for their country. Of the twelve hundred whose names are on the Catalogue of this year, not less than five hundred have come from a military experience of one, two, three, or four years; and the blue coat of the soldier is almost the college uniform. All grades are represented, from the general to the private. Many have been prisoners; many have been wounded; many have been maimed or lamed for life. A complete history of the war,—of all its campaigns, battles, sieges, privations, disasters, and

sufferings in the East and West and South, and among the Indians too, from the first "Bull Run," to the final surrender of Lee and Johnston,— could be gathered from the conversation of students now in this University. Half of those who come to the study of medicine come from the observation and practice of surgery in the hospitals or on the battle-field.

A second reason of the success of the Michigan University is its excellent situation,— central, easily accessible, in a healthy region, not over-warm in summer, and not over-cold in winter,— where the means of comfortable living are cheap and abundant, and where there are conveniences for recreation as well as conveniences for study. The site was wisely chosen for such a seminary of learning. This advantage of cheapness is not so great now, certainly, as it was a few years ago; as temptations have been multiplied, extravagance has increased, and the necessary cost of living has been so much enhanced. What is saved in free tuition is probably spent in other ways, so that it may be doubted, whether the average outlay of a student in this college is any less than that of a student in the other smaller institutions of the West. There are "Secret Societies," some eight or ten, to be supported, and these are costly. There are many places of amusement, which have a thriving traffic, and it is not uncertain from what source their traffic comes. But, with all the lavish use of money, it is just to say, that probably no institution in the land gives so good an education at so small a cost as this institution. And this is an advantage which it is not likely to lose.

A third cause of its success is in its broad and unsectarian plan. It is a state institution, a national institution, and does not belong to any single religious sect, or to any combination of sects. There is no denomination of Christians that own it, theoretically or practically. Its regents, eight in number, are all laymen, and are chosen by the Legislature. They are taken from all sections of the State, and hold office for eight years only,— two members coming in and two going out with every second year. Most of the professors, it is true, belong nominally or heartily to one or other of the sects

called Evangelical. The late president, Dr. Tappan, was a minister in the Presbyterian connection; and the present president, Dr. Haven, is a Methodist, and preaches freely in the churches of that body. There are also a Baptist, a Presbyterian, and an Episcopal minister in the corps of teachers, all of whom occasionally preach. But no denomination has, or can have, while the system remains the same, control of the University, either in its discipline, its appointments, or the use of its funds. No religious test is exacted of any student or professor; and there is nothing to prevent a free-thinker or a Catholic from holding office, if the will of the regents so order. Indeed, one teacher, who made no pretence of any religious belief, held his place, unhindered, to the time of his death; and one of the assistants in the library at present is a member of the Roman Church. As far as possible, all the Orthodox denominations have been permitted to have their representatives in the faculty; and the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and Congregationalist churches all have their adherents in the staff of professors. If the non-orthodox bodies, the Unitarian, Universalist, Christian, and Quaker, have not been cared for, it is because they are less known, and have had no prominent place among the other bodies, perhaps because they have never asked for any place in the University. There is nothing in the statutes of the University, there is nothing in the spirit of its antecedents, to prevent a Unitarian from being chosen to any office for which he has superior and commanding fitness; and we can hardly believe that this University would dare to imitate the act of Columbia College, and reject a professor of chemistry on account of his liberal religious opinions. They could not stand before their constituents after such an act. Only by intrigue and chicanery could such a work be done. The catholic spirit of the first president, which has given a tone to the whole institution that it will not soon lose, would rebuke such an act. It was the idea of that large-souled man to build up here a truly liberal University, in which the best men in all departments should be secured, without any heed to their political or sectarian name,— the best lawyers

to teach law; the best physicians, anatomists, and surgeons to teach the branches of medicine; the best scholars of every kind to teach in history and science and language and philosophy. He would not ask first what dogma a man professed, or what church he attended, but what was his ability, what his attainments, what his reputation. And we cannot doubt that such is the idea of the graduates of the college, whose reverence for their former president is so strong and deep.

There is no sectarian or religious influence brought to bear especially upon the students of the University. The undergraduates, indeed, are required to attend the daily morning prayer in the college chapel; but these are hardly a quarter of the whole number of students, and their rights of conscience have to be respected in the exercise. A sectarian prayer would find no favor from them. On the Sunday they are free to attend worship where they choose, or where they can find a place; to go as often as they choose, or as seldom as they choose; or to go not at all, as many choose. Some of them are found in all the churches of the city, Catholic and German among the rest, and regular attendants there; others go occasionally. Probably a large majority have no regular place of worship; and it would be a very difficult thing to classify these twelve hundred students according to their religious affinities, and a work that an earnest evangelical believer would hardly care to undertake. For a portion of the year, the president of the University, who is a gifted and attractive preacher, holds services in the chapel on the afternoons of Sunday, which are largely attended, not only by students, but by citizens. These services are not in the interest of a sect, but owe much of their attraction to the liberal tone of the discourse, more practical than theological. It is safe to say, that any direct attempt at proselytism in this University, whether in the chapel or the class-room, will fail, and will only injure him who attempts it. The students will demand and will exercise the utmost freedom of investigation, of inquiry, and of choice, and will claim respect on the part of their teachers for the most radical and heretical opin-

ions, if these opinions are only honest. There is no religious opinion of any kind that is under ban in this institution.

This broad plan of the Michigan State University is its greatest praise, and gives it more than any thing else a title to honor and confidence. Its success depends upon its keeping this catholic spirit. It will be a fatal mistake, a fatal lowering of the standard of scholarship, if any sect is allowed to get control of what the people own; or if any consideration but that of personal fitness, and scholastic or scientific attainments, is allowed to dictate appointments to office. There are some inconveniences in the union of a college with the State. Partisan feeling, and the scheming of wire-pullers and intriguers, degrade the counsels where the interests of sound learning ought only to be consulted. But there are these solid advantages in connecting a college with the State,—that it is more independent of aristocratic cliques, and that it must uphold the religious freedom which the State guarantees. Where there is no State religion, there can be no special religion for any college which the State owns. The spirit which rules in the common schools and in the high schools must rule in the University, which is their completion. There will always, no doubt, be more or less of management by those whose love of their sect is greater than their love of truth and fair-dealing, to get public institutions into their own hands, and manipulate the public endowments for their own increase. In the West, as in the East, the fitness of teachers will be judged by many who have the schools in charge, by their ecclesiastical preference, more than by their intellectual gifts. There will be suspicion, too, of all who have liberal tendencies, and the guardians of the faith will be afraid even of the gifts of the unbelieving. But these suspicions and this management cannot control public opinion. They disgust the enlightened, and they hurt in the end the cause which they would promote.

These three—the ample original endowment, the favorable site, and the liberal and unsectarian plans of the University—are the sufficient causes of its remarkable growth and success. To these, no doubt, should be added the fame and ac-

complishments of its teachers, present and past, many of them very eminent in their special departments and in general literature. Some of the best classical editions, and some of the best works in philosophy that the country has produced, have gone forth from this University. If the present system is maintained, a larger prosperity still will come to the institution, and it will easily gain and maintain the highest rank. The only danger lies in the heedlessness or unsuspecting confidence which may overlook the efforts of one sect or another to become possessed of such a prize, and to turn it to sectarian uses. It ought to be the freest college in the land, giving a hearing to every new thought, and a welcome to every new discovery, whether in science or in letters, whether in history or in philosophy, whether in the laws of the body or the laws of the soul. Every branch of human knowledge ought here to find its place and its due honor, no matter what its name or whence it comes. And no temptation of great numbers ought to allow any lowering of the standard. The University ought to give, not only education to the multitude, but the best education to the select few as well. All that can be learned anywhere in the country ought to be taught here. So will the idea of the founders of the institution and the founders of the State be realized, and this school of the wilderness will be the brightest flower in the show and glory of the marvellous Western land.

## ART. IV.—FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN.

1. *Phases of Faith; or, Passages from the History of my Creed.* By FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. Fourth edition. London: John Chapman. 1854.
2. *The Soul, its Sorrows and its Aspirations: an Essay towards the Natural History of the Soul as the True Basis of Theology.* By F. W. NEWMAN, &c. Fifth edition. London: John CHAPMAN. 1853.
3. *Theism, Doctrinal and Practical; or, Didactic Religious Utterances.* By F. W. NEWMAN. London: John Chapman. 1858.

WHATEVER sins the brothers Newman yet may have to answer for, it is not likely that the sin of idleness will be among them. They have been hard workers hitherto: the prospect is, that they will be hard workers to the end. John Henry Newman, on the last pages of his "Apologia," has given us a list of all, or nearly all, his printed works. It tells the story of a mind for ever busy, of a pen almost as facile as the pencil of Doré. Books, pamphlets, articles, are piled upon each other thick and fast by this Titanic scholar, until at length he reaches his "Ecclesiastical Olympus;" and then follow other books, detailing his experiences among the blessed gods. These books and pamphlets mark the steps by which he went to Rome,—steps sometimes short and faltering, and sometimes lengthening into strides. There is no break in the *catena* of his logic from the beginning to the end. If we find fault with any thing, it must be with his premises. Outside of them, there is no room for any thing but admiration for his energy and skill.

But in his younger brother, Francis William Newman, these qualities attain a grander and more serious exhibition. His work has been more varied and much more profound. And yet, though varied, it has not been heterogeneous. The elder Newman's work has been like one of those old abbeys

or cathedrals which force themselves upon the traveller's eye. Begun in one century and finished in the next, their different parts illustrate different ideas; and hence, instead of calming us with an impression of their unity, they disturb us with a painful sense of incongruity. But the work of Francis Newman is a growth, not a conglomeration; and the impression it conveys is that made by the stately piles which have arisen to the music of a single inspiration, under the lightning glances of a single eye. We are not aware that he has ever made a public statement of the results of his untiring energy. A private statement, written at the solicitation of a friend, has come into our hands.\* The amount of

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\* We copy this "imperfect list of books by F. W. Newman, from 1836 to 1866:—"

1836.—*Lectures on Logic.*

1836.—*Essay on the Vocabulary and Grammar of the Kabails of Mount Atlas, compiled from a Translation of Twelve Chapters of St. Luke into their Language.*

1836.—*Treatise on the Neglected Difficulties of Geometry, as to the Straight Line, the Plane, and Parallels.*

1841.—*Lecture, at the opening of Manchester New College, on the Place of the Classics in Modern Education.*

1843.—*Edition (condensed) of Huber's History of the English Universities; with ample Notes by the Editor.*

1848.—[First political pamphlet.] *Address to the Middle Classes on the Need of Political Reform.* [A pamphlet written in hot blood during the alarm of Chartist insurrection, and after the first successes of extreme democracy on the continent.]

1849?—*Pamphlet on the National Debt. [Against its morality, and for its systematic extinction and condemnation.]*

1844.—*Grammar of the Kabail Language.*

1845.—*Edition and Interlinear Translation of a Treatise in the Shilpa Language (Morocco Berber).*

1847.—*History of the Hebrew Monarchy. [First religious book, if history be religion!]*

1847.—*Edition and Interlinear Translation of various bits of Ghadamse brought home by Dr. Richardson; also Notes on the Galla Pronouns, in comparison with those of Hanssa and Berber.*

1850?—*Book on the "Soul."* [First theological book.]

1851.—*Phases of Faith. [Negative side to the preceding.]*

1851.—*Lectures on Political Economy.*

1852.—*Essay on the Theory and Calculation of the Third Elliptic Integral of Legendre.*

1853.—*Treatise on Catholic Unity. [A failure; written under the pressure*

printed matter which his various books and articles contain, it would appear from this, is less than that which has been given by his brother to the world. But their tasks have been so different, that this comparison indicates nothing. In Dr. Newman's writings the speculative, and in Francis Newman's the critical element, prevails. And everybody knows that criticism is much harder work than speculation. Another difference between the work of these two men lies in the fact that Dr. Newman's works are mostly theological. But those of Francis are about equally mathematical, historical, political, classical, and religious. Reading the list to which we have referred, the wonder is how one man could do so many things at all. The presumption certainly would be, that they were not well done. But this presumption is not verified by a perusal of his works. For, as he reads, the reader will forget that Francis Newman has done many things, and wonder only that each separate thing is done so carefully and well.

But it so happens that this writer of intense and varied skill is not well known here in America. At any rate, he is not generally known. Those who know him at all are not contented until they know him well. But we have never reprinted his best works. The three books that we have named at the beginning of this article, if they had found a publisher, would certainly have found a sale. Nor is it too

of another mind, and having rather collections of thought, than any feasible practicality.]

- 1855? — History of Regal Rome. Various Miscellaneous Lectures.
- 1854? — Translation of the Odes of Horace into specific Blank Metres; with ample Historical Notes, and a peculiar Arrangement aiming at Biography.
- 1856? — Translation of the Iliad into a Ballad Measure.
- 1852. — Condensation of Kossuth's American Speeches.
- 1857. — Book on Theism.
- 1858? — Essay on the *Speculative (Logical?) Weakness of Protestantism* — in Westminster Review. [Very numerous articles in the Eclectic Review, from 1837 to 1852; in the Prospective Review, from 1842?; and in the Westminster from 1847?]
- 1864. — Translation of the Iguvine (Umbrian) Inscriptions; with Notes.
- 1864? — Discourse against Hero Worship in Religion.
- 1858? — Edition of Dr. Barth's Tuarick Dialogues; with Notes on Grammar, &c.

late even now for this to be attempted. With these, the public ought to have his "Hebrew Monarchy." But, as it is, they only have one little volume, "Regal Rome," published by Redfield, thirteen years ago, in addition to his Westminster articles, which are, of course, anonymous. And the worst feature of this matter has not yet been named. It is that those Americans who think they know Professor Newman best, know him the least,—misknow him altogether. For although his own most characteristic works are not known in this country, save here and there by a few preachers, students in divinity, or isolated persons, an answer to them has been scattered all abroad. And such an answer! It is contained in Henry Rogers's "Eclipse of Faith." That book, we venture to say, is, of all the books that ever made pretension to religious aims, the most basely irreligious. It is a demon chorus from the beginning to the end. Every chapter has the prints of cloven feet upon it, and almost every sentence is the juggle of a fiend. The writer surpasses infidelity itself in vilification of that sacred stream which he calls revelation; but this he does not do until he has succeeded, as he thinks, in poisoning the stream of natural grace and inspiration at its very source. It is as if he said, "The Bible is bad enough, God knows; but then it is a great deal better than the universe, and so we should accept it as the rule of faith." Here are his own words: "You can never say that this book (the Bible) has not given you every advantage; for never was there one which more irritated the pride and prejudices of mankind, which presents greater obstacles to its reception, *morally and intellectually*. So that it is among the most unaccountable things to *me*, not that it should be rejected by some, but that it should be accepted by any." And yet with horrid laughter he declares, that it must be accepted upon pain of hell. He delights to make the thought of revelation as unpalatable and sickening as he can, and then declare there is no choice between it and starvation. He never seems to think that any decent man would rather starve than live upon the droppings of his table.

But this book of Rogers's was well received in England,

and in this country has been widely read. The faithful hailed it with a joy so rapturous, that it endangered for a time the central notion of the book ; viz., that inspiration is no longer possible. For if, as Mr. Rogers says, Professor Newman's book was "human," was not Mr. Rogers's "divine"? The two books certainly did not belong to the same order ; and it did not then occur to those who were enjoying the "Eclipse," that a book might not be human, and still not be divine,—might be in fact a little less than human, let us say inhuman, devilish. But alas for the faith that needs to be *eclipsed* by such a book before the naked eyes of truth can look upon it ! And yet the readers of this book are Francis Newman's judges in America. They do not know how shamefully he has been misrepresented and belied. This is reserved for those who have read his own account of his religious thought, and his reply to Mr. Rogers in his "Phases of Faith." Readers of the "Apologia" will be forcibly reminded, by this reply, of Dr. Newman's answer to Professor Kingsley's strictures on his thought and life ; though Kingsley was not guilty of such woful crime against all honor and all decency as was Mr. Rogers in the "Eclipse of Faith." But his punishment has been according to his crime. Not even the pages of the "Apologia" reveal so thoroughly the art of literary castigation.

We trust that our affections have not led away our judgment, and convinced us falsely that there is a moral grandeur in the words of Francis Newman to the height of which his brother does not rise, and a divine sorrow in his indignation which his brother's sentences do not reveal. And yet, for all the sorrow, who would not rather, if the choice were given him, be struck by lightning, than be blasted by such words as these ?—

"If, however, in the character which he bestowed on me, as 'Professor of Spiritual Insight,' I were called on to advise for him, I should decidedly recommend diet to the soul, not exercise to the intellect. Let him cast away scorn and self-sufficiency ; let him seek for a little more of that charity which he calls 'bastard ;' let him not think that questions which pertain to God are advanced by

boisterous glee, and facetious scoffs, and personal antagonisms ; let him chatter less, and watch over his own heart more ; let him cherish more truthfulness and directness, and much more tenderness of conscience. If he opens his mind to truth and his heart to love, I do not despair that he will at length find it to be an axiom of his soul, that God also is love. But as long as he indulges contempt and levity and love of victory, and deals unscrupulously, no acuteness of intellect will bring him out of those awful 'shadows' which he avows to wrap us all around." — *Phases of Faith*, p. 200.

There are still other reasons extrinsic to the vital thought for which Professor Newman stands, and the great richness of his personal experience, which demand for him here in America a more than ordinary meed of interest and praise. His name stands among those of the few Englishmen who, in our recent struggle, stood like a rock in the midst of a great whelming sea of boastful aristocracy and mammon-worshipping commercial bigotry and pride. When we speak tenderly the name of Cobden, and reverently the names of Cairns and Thomas Hughes and Goldwin Smith and Stuart Mill, and noble, eloquent, and brave John Bright, we ought to speak with equal tenderness and reverence the name of Francis W. Newman. He was their fellow-laborer from first to last. If they trusted in us, and hoped good things for us, and demanded great things of us, he did the same. Indeed, perhaps one reason why his confidence and aid have not received a larger recognition is because, in his demands upon us, he insisted always on the highest rendering of our position that it could possibly receive. We should be willing to forgive a great deal of harshness in personal criticism at such a time, when men in high positions are unavoidably the symbols of our tendencies to right or wrong. The event has proved, that it was better for us all that a great many persons were dissatisfied with Mr. Lincoln's action previous to September, 1862. At that time, Mr. Newman, writing to a friend, insisted, "Your President will cut away all moral ground from under your feet, if he does not now come avowedly to succor the only manifest loyalists in the revolted States ; viz., the blacks." Since then, almost four years have

passed away ; and, strange as it may seem, these words apply as well to Mr. Johnson now as they did then to his great predecessor. Yes : and they now possess a sting which then they did not ; for, since then, two hundred thousand negroes have proved, by their heroic conduct on the field of battle, that Mr. Newman did not speak in vain.

But the inherent grace of Mr. Newman's character, and the intrinsic fascination of his course, are such, that, aside from the above considerations, we must regard those persons as unfortunate who have not walked with him his fields of earnest, quiet, unimpassioned thought. A religious experience so deep and almost tragical as his would have been very interesting, though it had ended in the blank denial of those very truths which it so confidently affirms. But that it does affirm those truths, gives it a higher interest. It was his fate, like Coleridge, to find himself alone amid a "howling wilderness of doubt." It was his better fate, as Carlyle wished it might have been for Coleridge, to "journey across that howling wilderness into the new, firm lands of Faith beyond." Again : his story would be most remarkable, if it were not in the least enhanced by any contrast or comparison with that of other men. But, standing as it does over against the not less wonderful experience of his own brother, contrasting with it, as it does, as sharply as two classes of phenomena were ever known to contrast with each other, it would be strange indeed if thus it did not get an added charm. Does it not seem almost impossible, that these two men, starting together, should, almost from the first, pursue entirely different directions, and, pondering every step and walking ever conscientiously, should at length find themselves separated from each other by all the length of all the creeds that have from time to time been written for the Christian Church : the one resting peacefully enough upon the bosom of the Mother Church ; the other just as peacefully relying on the instincts of his own God-given soul, verified and established by the answer thus obtained to his own moral needs, and the *consensus* of all truly earnest and aspiring men ? And yet this is no fiction, but a fact. In the "Christian Examiner" for No-

vember last, we traced the steps by which the elder Newman walked into his faith. We found those steps recorded in the "Apology" for Dr. Newman's life. Francis Newman, too, has written an *Apology*. It is called "Phases of Faith." When we have enumerated and described these phases, it will be seen that he was simply true to God and to himself in doing as he did.

But, before doing this, we ought to say a word, in passing, with reference to his phases,—not of faith, but of ability; for Professor Newman is a many-sided man. Not often is the genius of a man at once so versatile and strong. By those who ought to be good judges, his mathematical attainments have been highly spoken of. But, as an historian, he has given to us the best fruits of his mind, with the exception of his works on morals and religion. His "Regal Rome" is, to say the least, a novel mode of looking at events which have received a very different interpretation. It is also very interesting in its philological researches, the object of which is to prove, that between a portion of the Latin people and the Kelts there was but little difference; and that the Latin language is allied more closely to the Keltic than to the German or the Greek. He attributes the rapid growth of Rome under the kings to the fact, that these kings placed themselves at the head of the attempt to elevate the lower classes. The patricians were their enemies; and the destruction of the monarchy resulted from a burst of rage against the government, as if it were responsible for Tarquin's heinous crime. And thus the plebeians entered on a course of suffering and manifold abuse at the hands of the patricians, which lasted for one hundred and fifty years, against which an elective king would have protected them. But great changes in the government of a people are not affected generally by causes so concrete as this which he assigns. And we would venture to suggest, that Mr. Newman's method here is not so fine as that which he pursues with reference to the Hebrew State; which is, to interpret such concrete expressions as symbolical of causes much more general and remote. But, if this book is more suggestive than it is conclusive, the "Hebrew Mon-

archy" demands completer and more generous praise. It does a work that not even Dr. Stanley's long-expected volume will make superfluous. Not that we claim for Mr. Newman Dr. Stanley's wondrous power to *humanize* historical events. But, if Mr. Newman is sometimes so sharp a critic as to appear ill-natured, certain it is that Dr. Stanley's criticism is too good-natured by far; so that, in reading his first volume of the Jewish Church, the reader never feels quite sure whether he is reading about something which took place in Judea or only in the doctor's teeming brain. Indeed, the function of this truly generous and poetic soul is somewhat premature. It would be well if criticism could "first do its worst" upon the records, before the fragments are built up again into a consistent whole. But very little of Professor Newman's work will have to be done over. His studies into the character of the Pentateuch; the relative position of the priests, the prophets, and the kings; the character and influence of various men,—are worthy of all praise. His estimate of David's character is very broad and fine. His estimate of Solomon's sagacity is this:—

"The sagacity attributed to him seems to have been threefold: wisdom in the administration of justice,—which consisted chiefly in cleverness to discover truth, when the evidence was insufficient, doubtful, or contradictory; wisdom in general government,—as to which the actual results prove him to have been most lamentably deficient; and wisdom of a more scholastic kind,—such as was evinced in the writing of proverbs and books of natural history. Of his merit in the last, no means of judging exist; but those chapters of the Proverbs which are regarded as his genuine writing are the production of no common mind, and explain how, in that age, he was regarded as intellectually towering above other kings."—*History of the Hebrew Monarchy*, p. 145.

And, speaking of the function of Judea in the progressive march of history, these are among his words:—

"Such was the unexpansive and literal materialism of the later Rabbi, out of which has proceeded nearly all that is unamiable in the Jewish character. But the Roman writers, who saw this side only of

the nation, little knew how high a value the retrospect of the world's history would set on the agency of this scattered and despised people. For, if Greece was born to teach art and philosophy, and Rome to diffuse the processes of law and government,—surely, Judea has been the wellspring of religious wisdom to a world besotted by frivolous or impure fancies. To these three nations it has been given to cultivate and develop principles characteristic of themselves: to the Greeks, beauty and science; to the Romans, jurisprudence and municipal rule; but to the Jews, the holiness of God and his sympathy with his chosen servants. That this was the true calling of the nation, the prophets were inwardly conscious at an early period. They discerned that Jerusalem was as a centre of bright light to a dark world; and, while groaning over the monstrous fictions which imposed on the nations under the name of religion, they announced that out of Zion should go forth the law and the word of Jehovah."

— *History of the Hebrew Monarchy*, p. 369.

As a writer on political economy,\* Professor Newman's greatest merit is, no doubt, that of popularizing the results of those that have preceded him. But this he does, not as a mere book-maker, but as a genuine philanthropist. And so doing it, his work is truly admirable. For he takes the truth from places where the common mind would never find it out, and without losing any thing of its force; but, as it were, increasing its vitality, he makes it free to all. But he is by no means bound, even in these respects, not to be wise above that which is written. Thus, for example, he is bold enough to make a vigorous attack upon Ricardo's theory of rent, declaring it to be of such an abstract nature, that it never can be verified. We wish that this book could be published in America, if only for its chapter upon "More Leisure and Higher Culture," which would be a valuable contribution towards the solution of the eight-hour question which is now exciting so much natural and healthy interest among the laboring classes of the North. Professor Newman's other writings on political and social subjects are, "An Address to the Middle Classes on the need of Political Reform," a pamphlet written

\* *Lectures on Political Economy*. John Chapman: London, 1853.

in 1848, during the alarm of Chartist insurrection, and after the first successes of extreme democracy on the continent; a pamphlet on the national debt, denying its morality and demanding its extinction; "Catholic Union," a volume of religious sociology, abounding in good thoughts, but, as a whole, not satisfactory,—opposed to communism, but advocating a protective union in both labor and expense; "Crimes of the House of Hapsburg" against its own liege subjects; and a compilation of Kossuth's American speeches. The motive of these books is never intellectual, but always moral and benevolent. Professor Newman's object always is the same. The goal of his ambition is to benefit his fellow-men.

Professor Newman's reputation as a linguist was already made when he began to translate Greek and Latin poetry. If his translations add nothing to that reputation, surely they can take nothing away. They belong to the domain of taste, and not to that of scholarship. His "Odes of Horace," which are translated into metres partially akin to those of the original, have been well received. Not so his translation of the "Iliad" into a compromise between the ballad measure and a peculiar metre of his own. The result is neither poetry nor prose. And this result is one which human nature never can endure. Prose is natural, and poetry is natural. Either of these forms of expression is a sufficient channel for the transmission of ideas. But any go-between refuses to transmit the thought intrusted to its charge. The mechanical effect upon the sense destroys the effect of the idea on the mind. In reading Mr. Newman's "Iliad" aloud, the sound obliterates the meaning; and when we read it to ourselves, still with the mind we can but feel its unpoetic jog. If Professor Newman's mind lacks any thing of universal breadth, it is upon the side of the imagination. Indeed, he says himself, "I am destitute of creative, poetical imagination." And James Martineau would make this fact account for all the wonders of his great experience. But a translation of the "Iliad" would not seem to need creative imagination. And with negative and critical imagination he is very well supplied. We must look for a solution of these difficulties to the fact, that Mr.

Newman has attempted to decide on *à-priori* grounds what ought to be Homeric poetry. But, although his work may not subserve the purpose as a poem for which it was designed, it must be of the greatest value to the teacher and scholar. We can but wish, that with the same strong words and noble renderings, minus a few of the expressions that we cannot understand, it might be recast into the finest prose translation that the world has ever seen. This it would be; and if the laboring men, for whom it was intended, enjoy it now, we think they would enjoy it better then.

But the most vital interest attaching to this man is that arising from the steady and consistent growth of his religious life. In the book entitled "Phases of Faith," we have a history of the progressive steps by which he passed from Calvinism into a purely theistic faith. This book was written after "The Soul; its Sorrows and its Aspirations," which represents the last result of these investigations; but, in the logical order this is its predecessor. The processes of demolition must precede those of reconstruction. The style of this book does not compare favorably with Dr. Newman's terse and nervous sentences, that make the "Apologia" delightful, where otherwise it might be very dull; though it is always clear and earnest, and it always rises with the subject, sometimes to great heights. But, where the subject-matter is so crammed with interest, there is less need of adventitious skill. An earnest man, once fairly launched upon the current of the book, will find himself swept on full fast enough, though the breezy rhetorician's art fills not his idle sail. And yet there is a sort of earnestness from which Professor Newman and his book will get but little sympathy; a sort of earnestness which, just because it never had a doubt or trouble of its own, refuses to believe that any one need ever have a doubt or trouble. Men who are built after this pattern are ready to condemn all sorts of earnest introspection. This passion for the truth affects them as a terrible disease. Still less can any thing like sympathy be sought for where the motto is, "He that doubteth is damned," but where it is forgotten that the great apostle added, "if he eat."

It was because Professor Newman doubted certain things, that he refused to swallow them whole. But should this stamp of persons deign to read his book, though not convinced by any of his arguments, it is not easy to conceive how they would manage to deny his perfect candor and sincerity. It was a great deal harder for him to walk over that road than it is for them to rock themselves to intellectual sleep in beautiful, soft cradles, handed down from immemorial days. He took no step that did not wound his feet. He did not find it pleasant, when they whom he had trusted would not trust him in return. He did not willingly forsake the home in which he had been reared, which was so full of great ancestral memories. He gave up no creed or dogma without going just as far as honesty would let him go in his attempt to rationalize its meaning. He strained the tether of opinion till it broke. He is as orthodox to-day as it is possible for him to be, believing as he does in God, and asking for his love and approbation. But the bigot has a short way of dealing with this manner of experience. The bigot will not read such books as this. He will read Mr. Rogers's reply, and he will say that Mr. Newman is "an infidel." But why? Does he not believe in God, in his dear love and sympathy; in man, in his capacity for truth and righteousness; in prayer, in immortality, in inspiration, and in social equity? Yes: he believes in all these things; he believes in them with all his might, with all the pure flame of his noble heart and generous disposition. But he believes in these things because he *feels* and *knows* them to be true; not because he has heard some one say this, nor because he finds it written in a certain book, nor because once in Judea a gigantic soul lived in these thoughts as in an atmosphere of perfect faith and love. They were not true because he lived upon them. He lived upon them, believing them to be the truth. He did not make the atmosphere, but in it he found himself sustained and strengthened and renewed from day to day. But into the heart that knoweth its own bitterness; into the soul that has had sorrow none the less, but more, for all its lofty aspirations, the words of Francis Newman will carry a great

wealth of peace and consolation. Not that all such can hope to extricate themselves from their entanglements so happily as he; or, after years of intellectual sloth, can climb at once to such serene and awful heights as those from which his spirit looks abroad. But doubt can never be regarded as a curse, if it may prove the vestibule of truth to any child of God. And, certainly, no man who has had honest and veritable struggles of his own, will fail to sympathize with those which have been written out for us from the deep places of a tender and heroic soul.

The mark of Mr. Newman's youthful creed was an unhesitating, unconditional acceptance of every thing found in the Bible. He began to read religious books, and especially the Bible, when he was eleven years old. At fourteen, he was converted in the regular way, and underwent much persecution from his schoolfellows because he tried to live up to his faith. An Evangelical clergyman gained his affections, and initiated him at once into the sum and substance of the Evangelical creed. Some of its doctrines troubled him a little. He could not reconcile that of election with God's justice, but made no doubt that he should soon be able to do it. For this the clergyman applauded him. He was confirmed in 1821. Every thing in the service impressed him but the bishop, who seemed to be "a *made-up* man and a mere pageant." When examined, it surprised him just a little that the examination was a test of *memory*, not of *faith*. At this time he was a rigid Sabbatarian. His first subscription to the Articles was not difficult; but the whole system of compulsory subscription affected him as a monstrosity. Of the young men, not one in five had any faith at all. The Article which says that Jesus went to heaven with "his flesh and bones" first troubled him. The Sunday heresy next pushed him to examine for himself; and, to his great astonishment, he found out that his sabbath notions had not a shadow of foundation. And so he gave up the tenet for which he had been suffering a sort of martyrdom. He next discovered that Paul did not use the Old Testament, as he did himself, in the manner of the Puritans: later, a lack of moral fitness

in the atonement of the *blood* of Christ. In the earliest period of his Oxford residence, he fell into collision with his brother concerning Episcopal powers. His brother wished him to reverence the bishops *as such*; but he found it quite impossible. Thus he was disappointed where he hoped to find a competent adviser.

“Nothing was left for me but to cast myself on Him who is named the Father of Lights, and resolve to follow the light which he might give, however opposed to my own prejudices, and however I might be condemned by men. This solemn engagement I made in early youth, and neither the frowns nor the grief of my brethren can make me ashamed of it in my manhood.” — *Phases of Faith*, p. 8.

When again called upon to sign the Articles, he could not do it without silencing his doubts by methods which he cannot now forgive. With this experience, and with a growing dislike of the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, and, in fact, of the whole system of the Episcopal Church, ended his first period of growth.

The second period of Mr. Newman’s growth was characterized in part by the influence upon him of a powerful mind and a still more powerful will, embodied in a person whom he calls “the Irish clergyman;” in part, also, by his vehement effort to discover in the Bible the foundations of a truly Christian church. The Irish clergyman was no ordinary person, judging from the descriptions we have of him. His “bodily presence” was indeed “weak:” a fallen cheek, a blood-shot eye, limbs resting on crutches, a seldom-shaven beard, with shabby clothes and a neglected person, might well draw pity and excite astonishment, when seen in contrast with the carpet-knights and brilliant women that make the drawing-room magnificent. The story was, that once a stranger offered him a half-penny, taking him for a beggar. But this man was incarnate logic, had the warmest sympathies, an eye to character, a thoughtful tenderness, and, in all *temporal* things, the most complete unselfishness. The poor Irish Romanists thought him a true “saint.” The stamp of Dominic and Francis was upon his haggard face and his

emaciated frame. Newman was soon convinced that a dozen such men would do more to convert all Ireland to Protestantism than the whole apparatus of the Church establishment. This man read nothing but the Bible, and, before long, made Newman himself ashamed of all philosophy and science. Suggesting once that if the verse, "The cloak which I left at Troas bring with thee, and the books, and especially the parchments," had not been written, we should lose nothing, he was quickly answered, "I should certainly lose something; for that is exactly the verse that kept me from selling my little library. No: every word, depend upon it, is from the Spirit, and is of eternal service."

Despite of much repulsion, the fascinations of this man were most remarkable. Young men, especially, bowed before his will; and Francis Newman bowed himself almost to the dust. He found himself asking constantly, "What will *he* say to this or that?" His search into the New Testament convinced him that the apostles expected the destruction of the earth by fire, and the return of Christ from heaven. On the one hand, Dr. Arnold said they were mistaken; but, on the other hand, the Irish clergyman insisted that it was a prophecy yet to be fulfilled: and Newman was convinced, and faithfully endeavored to adjust his life to such a posture of affairs. Moreover, at this juncture, a Mr. Groves made an appeal to Christians to give up every thing for Christ, and go with him and preach the gospel to the heathen. The boyish wish that he had cherished to do this very thing flashed up again, and he responded to the call. This was more natural, as the door of the Establishment seemed to be shutting upon him closer every day. Brimful of heart and hope, he went to Bagdad with some Irish friends. This was in 1830. In two years he returned, with the hope of inducing other friends to join him in this enterprise.

But, once beyond the reach of his fanatical adviser, the healthful processes of thought which had been thwarted by his influence had begun to re-assert their power. He began to read the New Testament with a view to find out what it really taught. One of the first results of his investigation

led him to reject the Athanasian view of Christ. Still holding to the Trinity, he could not but feel that the Fourth Gospel taught that Jesus was derived. Heresy flies faster than the cholera. While still in quarantine, a letter from a friend told him that his soundness in the faith was everywhere suspected. Then came terrible days. His brother, in whose conduct "there was not a shade of unkindness" (as Francis says), separated himself entirely from all personal relations with him. The Irish clergyman wrote him a letter, reproaching him "for trying," as he said, "to sound the divine nature by the miserable plummet of human philosophy." Newman replied by referring him to John xvii. 3; 1 Cor. viii. 5, 6,—fondly hoping that he would recognize the justice of his claim. Then came an answer, that, if Newman was correct, he should anathematize him, and all the Church with him, as idolaters. But was he not correct? No, wrote the Irish clergyman: he was no Christian unless he confessed, that, in the passages which he had quoted, the "Father" meant the "Trinity"!

"The Father meant the Trinity!! For the first time, I perceived that so vehement a champion of the sufficiency of the Scripture, so stanch an opposer of creeds and churches, was wedded to an extra-scriptural creed of his own, by which he tested the spiritual state of his brethren. I was in despair, and like a man thunderstruck. I had nothing more to say. Two more letters from the same hand I saw, the later of which was to threaten some new acquaintances who were kind to me (persons wholly unknown to him), that, if they did not desist from sheltering me and break off intercourse, they should, as far as his influence went, themselves everywhere be cut off from Christian communion and recognition. This will suffice to indicate the sort of social persecution through which, after a succession of struggles, I found myself separated from persons whom I had trustingly admired, and on whom I had most counted for union, with whom I fondly believed myself bound up for eternity; of whom some were my previously intimate friends, while for others, even on slight acquaintance, I would have performed menial offices, and thought myself honored; whom I still looked upon as the blessed and excellent of the earth, and the special favorites of Heaven; whose company (though oftentimes they were considerably my infe-

riors, either in rank or in knowledge and cultivation) I would have chosen in preference to that of nobles; whom I loved solely because I thought them to love God; and of whom I asked nothing, but that they would admit me as the meanest and most frail of disciples. My heart was ready to break: I wished for a woman's soul that I might weep in floods. O Dogma! Dogma! how dost thou trample under foot love, truth, conscience, justice! Was ever a Moloch worse than thou? Burn me at the stake; then Christ will receive me, and saints beyond the grave will love me, though the saints here know me not. But now I am alone in the world."—*Phases of Faith*, p. 36.

He did not return to the East. He would only have been a trouble to his friends. But when the bitterness of death had passed, and he was satisfied to be hated by the saints, and to anticipate the time when his last friend would have forsaken him, he then began to hope, that, if he might not make an earthly heaven out of the love of saints, it was that he might find a truer heaven in God's love.

His next step was to abandon Calvinism. At the close of his second period, his mind was prostrate to the Sacred Books and to the five points of Calvin's Institutes. One by one, these points were given up. The doctrine of eternal punishment went first. Thank God, it was a Unitarian book that helped him in this matter. For Unitarians have not been half so earnest in this matter as they should have been. There are many clergymen and laymen in our churches who apologize for being Universalists! It was the first Unitarian book that he had seen. He handled it with timid curiosity as if by stealth. The discussion turned upon the meaning of *aiōnios*, translated in the common version "everlasting" or "eternal." The book convinced him that its meaning was not absolute, but relative. Further investigation convinced him that the doctrine was not scriptural; and no sooner was this weight of authority removed, than he perceived the intolerable moral difficulties which such a doctrine involves.

Next, Moses Stuart cured him of the Trinity. For Stuart's trinity was not of the Fathers, based as that was upon a purely speculative theory of emanation, which modern specu-

lation has outgrown. Stuart was a Sabellian, and what is a Sabellian but a Unitarian with his vizor down? Total depravity and the atonement went the same way. It was a Unitarian that helped him to the last result. He marked in him at once the inconsistency which he considers fatal to our faith. If we have not anchored to the Bible or the Church, we have been willing to risk every thing upon the sinlessness of Christ. This Mr. Newman could not understand. James Martineau has since endeavored to enlighten him, but without avail. Mr. Newman has the better of the argument. The appeal of Martineau to the voice of Christendom goes for just nothing. It is but the echo of another voice, which says that Christ is God. The absolute moral perfection of Jesus has been received on *a-priori* grounds, which being abandoned, there can be no substitute. With our conception of the record, to undertake to prove it from the record is absurd; and, for this reason, we cannot but regret that Mr. Newman, in the fourth edition of his book, descended to an argument *ad hominem*, as any argument from the Scriptures must be, coming from him. It was enough to say, that moral imperfection was the lot of man, and hence the lot of Jesus, seeing he was a man. It is atheism, or it is ditheism, to maintain his absolute perfection. "There is none good but one,—that is, God." Either we have no God, and would make one out of Jesus; or we have one God, and wish to have another. In neither case are we so far along as Paul, who had "one God, the Father."

The fourth period of Mr. Newman's growth was marked by the renunciation of the religion of the letter. The genealogies of Jesus, in the New Testament, gave the first note of alarm. To harmonize them was impossible. The geological and literary difficulties in the Old Testament assailed him next; and here the expressed results of Dr. Arnold's thought encouraged him. This course of study did not end until he had "abandoned totally the claims of 'the Canon' of Scripture, to be received as an object of faith, as free from error, or as something raised above moral criticism." But in no sense had he abandoned Christianity. He had found out that the Bible was not

to be his religion. What then? Did Paul preach the Bible? Nay: but he preached Christ. The New Testament did not then exist, and faith in the Old Testament was no part of the gospel which he preached. He still believed that Christianity, as also Judaism, was in its origin supernatural.

"Broad views, such as these, did not seem to be affected by the special conclusions at which I had arrived concerning the books of the Bible. I conceived myself to be resting under an Indian fig-tree, which is supported by certain grand stems, but also lets down to the earth many small branches, which seem to the eye to prop the tree; but, in fact, are supported by it. If they were cut away, the tree would not be less strong. So neither was the tree of Christianity weakened by the loss of its apparent props. I might still enjoy its shade, and eat of its fruits, and bless the hand that planted it."—*Phases of Faith*, p. 87.

Already, in his fourth period, the essential logic of his investigations troubled him. "Ought we, in any case, to receive moral truth in obedience to an apparent miracle of sense?" An attempt to settle this question was the next phase of his faith. This attempt he vigorously pursued along several converging lines of thought. The claims of miracles and prophecy to take religious judgments out of his hands were patiently investigated. The moral advantages of Christianity, considered as a book-religion, as affecting slavery and the position of woman, were found to be much less than had been claimed. James Martineau has thought it a sufficient answer to one of these objections, that Christianity made Christians first, and free men afterwards. This is perhaps the key to the sad fact that we have never had his generous sympathy in our struggle. He has been with Kingsley and Ruskin, not with Newman and Mill. He was waiting for the South to Christianize its slaves before it snapped their chains. This stage of Mr. Newman's growth ended in certainty that there could be no faith at second hand. Henceforth, if asked why he believed this or that, he could no longer say, "Because the Bible teaches it."

But one discovery waited to be made before this sad-eyed,

weary traveller could rest. It was that the substance of religion cannot be in history, but must always be in immediate inspiration and faith.

"How quickly might I have come to my conclusion,—how much weary thought and useless labor might I have spared,—if, at an earlier time, this simple truth had been pressed upon me, that, since the religious faculties of the poor and half-educated cannot investigate historical and literary questions, *therefore* these questions cannot constitute an essential part of religion. But perhaps I could not have gained this result by any abstract act of thought, from want of freedom to think; and there are advantages also in expanding slowly under great pressure, if one *can* expand, and is not crushed by it."—*Phases of Faith*, p. 133.

And all of this was done and given up without convulsion, and without emptiness of soul. Save for the better, there was no practical change. His old belief had narrowed his affections: it had taught him to love "the elect" with a peculiar love. Now he loved all men as brothers. His old belief was one of selfishness. It fixed his thought upon his private good, his personal salvation. It taught him to despise the world and temporal affairs. Authority had been a clog upon his judgment. He had gone to the Bible, in a lawyer-like way, to find out whether any thing was right or wrong; and, as a consequence, he had benumbed his conscience by disuse. Now, strength and beauty came of using it. And so at last his battle turned to victory and peace. The spiritual fruits, which once he had imagined could not grow except upon the crooked branches of the creeds, were still within his reach. And they resulted from "*the heart's belief in the sympathy of God with individual man.*" This doctrine does not rest upon the Bible. It is a postulate from which the Christian advocate must always start. Religion was created by the instincts of the soul, and then pruned by the understanding. For its perfection, these two parts of man must work together. Only in such union can there be religious strength.

Any such account as this must fail to give the reader aught but the most inadequate conception of the book of which

it treats. We have given results, but not the arguments by which they were attained. Nor have we indicated how reluctantly he fell back from one position after another; how vigorously he threw up his intrenchments every time; and how gallantly he held his post until fairly crowded out of it by the intruding doubts that left him not a foothold anywhere. We have barely mentioned the abuse and persecution, the loss of caste and sympathy and confidence and good-will, which were entailed upon him by the progress of his thought. Experiences, the very thought of which, when written out years after their occurrence, dropped in such fiery morsels from his pen, must, in their first inception, have been terrible to bear. "These words are vascular; cut them, and they bleed." Try to condense them, or report them out of their connection, and the effect is bloodless and quite pitiful. And still his words will fail of their due meaning, unless they fall upon a sympathetic ear, and a devout imagination. But given these advantages, and every step of his career can then be followed through the pages of his book with constantly increasing reverence and love. And when at last —

*Candidus insuetum miratur limen Olympi  
Sub pedibusque videt nubes, —*

his sacred joy shall not be all unshared by those whose hearts have kept him silent company upon his troubled way.

But it will be said, "This book is negative, and it is impossible to live upon negations." There is truth in this. The book is negative, though not devoid of positive considerations. It was something for Mr. Newman to find out that "spirituality" was not an all-sufficient pledge of practical benevolence; not, in fact, inconsistent with hate and active persecution. It was something, too, for him to say and prove, that moral excellence is not proportionate to one's amount of truth received as dogma by the understanding. But, most of all, it was a great deal of an affirmation that he made, when saying that the heart of man might never doubt the sympathy of God. This is his greatest thought. But it needs a great deal of expansion and correlative investigation and result. This need

has not been overlooked. For one volume of denial, we have two of stout and vigorous assertion. Of these, "The Soul; its Sorrows and its Aspirations," is the most satisfactory in structure and form. "Theism, Doctrinal and Practical," for reasons which the author does not choose to give, is made up of measured utterances, neither poetry nor exactly prose; which, although sometimes very beautiful, and always marked by purity and exaltation, do most unfortunately make us think of one Martin Tupper's volume of "Proverbial Philosophy." Of course, there is no mental similarity between the work of Newman and that most stupid of all stupid books; but the bare thought of such a thing is disagreeable. If it made us think of almost any other writer, it would not be so bad. But an additional objection to this book is, that its thought is not developed with the same regularity as marks the volume on the Soul. And, what is even more to be regretted, the style does not admit of so much tenderness, nor furnish an arena for the play of those emotions which are so characteristic of the man. And yet no doubt it furnishes a more correct delineation of his thought, seeing that it was written several years after the other, for the very purpose of correcting and establishing his first attempt at positive expression.

But if "The Soul" is superseded by his later work as an authoritative exhibition of his thought, it will still be needed as a fostering sun with which to nourish spiritual growth in earnest hearts. It treats first of the "Sense of the Infinite without us;" shows how this sense is the joint fruit of awe and wonder and admiration, as these emotions are begotten by the soul's consciousness of the Mysterious and Sublime and Lovely in the facts of its environment. These are the preparation of the heart for love; for they are antagonistic to our selfishness. Even the domestic affections tend to multiply self, rather than kill out selfishness. Enthusiasm is wanted. Enthusiasm is the life-blood of morality.

"But not to speak of separate enthusiasms, one universal enthusiasm belongs to man as man; namely, that which is called out by a sense of the Infinite, wherein we feel self to be swallowed up. All the generous side of human nature is nurtured and expanded by the

contemplation of the Infinite. Hence it is that a sense of the Sublime and Beautiful, though it be not yet religion, supplied to morals an important part of that which it is reserved for religion to give in full power and divine harmony. Hence the glorious effect of high poetry, and of all that excites pure and beautiful imagination, on the youthful mind. Therefore is it, that to weep with Andromache, to shudder for Hector, to tremble at Achilles, to admire Alcestis, to rejoice with Admetus, constitute a better moral training than 'Paley's Philosophy' or 'Aristotle's Ethics' can give."—*The Soul*, p. 21.

The sense of order and design mark the next stage of human aspiration; and these, in turn, are followed by the sense that the eternal Order is both good and wise. The sense of personality, which glimmers in the first sentiment of awe, now floods the spirit with its beams, and culminates in the soul's sense of sin and longing for enfranchisement, evolving under natural and regular conditions a sense of personal relationship with God. Out of this sense of personal relation comes "the prayer of faith," addressed to God in perfect confidence that he will hear and answer it; and from this sense is born the sweet assurance of immortal life. Such is the scheme, and it is carried out with a great deal of force and earnestness. At every step it is well fortified and aptly illustrated. A great deal of this book also is negative. For Mr. Newman pauses frequently to point out the abuses to which the various sentiments of which he speaks are liable. In the course of the book, a great deal of true conservatism in Mr. Newman's character is developed. So much, in fact, that one must needs be in some doubt whether he is not more conservative than radical; whether he is not quicker to see the truth concealed in an erroneous form of thought, than he is to note the truth from which this form is a departure. Of this true conservatism we have good examples in his discovery of that kernel of true meaning to which the doctrines of instant conversion, preventient grace, and final perseverance are generally so thick a shell.

While differing in form, the ideas of the book entitled "Theism" are substantially the same. His first axiom is, that the omnipresent law, which we discern to animate the universe,

is not blind, but intelligent. The second, that God must have all the human spirit's faculties, and more beside. The third, that God observes our moral actions, approves the right and disapproves the wrong. The fourth, that, if he approves our rectitude, his must be perfect. The fifth, that adoration of God is intrinsically suitable to man; therefore, such adoration is pleasing to God. These axioms are intuitive, but they are capable of being verified. And, before stating them as axioms, Mr. Newman seeks to verify them. His first test is that of congruity. Are they self-consistent, and consistent with known facts? His second test is that of universal reason; the common consciousness of mankind. His third is that of practical experience. A postulate from these axioms is, that God gives spiritual strength to them that ask for it in prayer. He does not claim this for an intuition. But we pray instinctively, and experience tells us that we never pray in vain.

“Who, then, — having faith that God is the fountain of holiness,  
And approves of our virtue, and enjoins its advancement, —  
Can doubt, that, when we pray and surrender our worse,  
Not only thereby do we welcome the Better that *was* within,  
But the living Source of that Better swells the flood of his presence;  
So that the Conscience itself becomes sounder and purer and stronger,  
Broadening, deepening, enlivening the inward moral forces ?”

*Theism*, p. 195.

It will be seen from these examples, that his method is more formal and exact than that of our own Theodore Parker, whom we so much admired, and whose uncompromising truthfulness was to him a source of constant inspiration. Where Parker trod with boldness, he walks with careful, almost timid, feet; but their results are very apt to correspond. Parker expressed himself more popularly, and with greater freedom of imagination. He was much less particular to verify what he regarded as the intuitions of the soul. Upon his *method*, that of Mr. Newman is a great advance, and anticipates much more completely the objections of empiricism to the philosophy of Kant. What Parker took as the report of a religious faculty, Newman believes to be the flowering of a set of faculties into the consummate thought of God. In its turn, his own method will no doubt need to be corrected in some of its

particulars. It is not to be supposed that one man can determine every thing. It seems evident to us, that, in the fructifying of his thought of God, the part played by the intellect need not be quite so large. But it is not as if this part of his system was its corner-stone. We have only to crown the heart's best impulses with that same boldness which we admire so much in Paul and Jesus, and there will be little need of Paleyism to convince us of the Father's wisdom, power, and love. What Mr. Newman says about the action of God's spirit on the individual, and the individual's consciousness thereof, may not satisfy, in terms, the stern requirements of philosophy; but that there is a glorious meaning underlying it, of which his words are to the heart an all-sufficient testimony, we cannot for a moment doubt. It need not trouble him if men inquire, if he is sure that it is the action of God's spirit that he is conscious of, and not the re-action of his spirit on itself. For it is not as if he did not feel assured that God is *in* the human soul.

The chapters in this book on immortality, the future of the righteous, the future of the wicked, the moral and the spiritual, are full of gracious meaning. He would not argue from the immortality of the soul to its glorious character. He would reverse this argument, and would say, If it is worth living, it will live. This answers for the good: and for the wicked, "Whom we pity, shall God not pity?" The relation between the moral and the spiritual is this: the spiritual is not the end. Did he not find that out by sad experience? The moral is the end: the spiritual is the motive to that end. But if the moral would be no mere task-work, but a continual and increasing joy, it must be wrought as once was that rare tapestry whereon the patient worker did not look, but only on the pattern fixed above her.

"Would the moral learn to be spiritual, or the spiritual to be blessed,  
Let him change the chase after virtue into the study to please God.  
Let him cherish constant reverence, till reverence blossom into love.  
Sweet is the approval of a parent, sweet his silent eye;  
But to him who feels how lovely is the Holy Perfect One,  
What is sweet as His approval, when the open heart knows of it?"

*Theism*, p. 44.

We would like to tarry longer in these pleasant fields, but it is time for us to go. Yet, ere we part from such a dear companion, let us try to fix his features, so that we shall not fail to recognize him when we meet again. A different man from Dr. Newman certainly; less startling in his attributes, less brilliant every way, and yet a far, far greater man. He never captivated a great multitude of souls. But no man ever did, when his convictions led him to forsake so many of the good old ways. It might have been a little different, had he found himself here in America. Theodore Parker certainly had a generous following, that was increasing every day. But Francis Newman has not the qualities that a leader wants, to be successful. He is not robust enough. He is too sensitive. Parker was wounded just as easily, but his wounds were quick to heal. Moreover, he is much too fine for leadership of such a sort as his must have been necessarily,—leadership of the people, to whom new truth must always look for its first recognition. But in England he could not even get a hearing, much less a following. How did she treat Frederick Robertson, who would have poured his soldier's blood out for her any day, so much he loved her? But he was a sober conservative in comparison with Francis Newman, whose appeal, consequently, must have been to a much lower class than he of Brighton ever reached. It was one thing to follow Dr. Newman through the wide gate, and in the pleasant way that led to intellectual destruction; and quite another thing to follow Francis Newman in the straight and narrow way that leads to moral life, but social death and shame.

But how to read the riddle of these different paths! It is easy enough to say that both of them were logical, only the premises were different. But that the premises were different, who is to blame? God only knows. And yet the moral of this thing is very plain. It is, Take nothing for granted but the veracity of the great instincts of the human soul, and the ability of man to know the truth by personal experience—nothing but this, unless you still believe that to the Roman hierarchy are intrusted the great tasks of modern civilization and reform. How they would be performed, we have been

frankly told by an authority claiming to be infallible,—the pope himself, the oracle of God. And what has Dr. Newman ever done for God's humanity? Has the oppression of the English masses ever weighed upon his heart? Has he ever lifted up his voice in behalf of our down-trodden little ones? Has he ever thought of saving men from the great hell of ignorance and superstition, or are these the safe-guards of his precious faith? We have a right to judge of that faith by its fairest fruit. *Ex pede Herculem!*

If Francis Newman is the fairest fruit of freedom's better growth, we shall not shrink from the comparison. For no sooner did this man come into full possession of himself, than he yielded himself up, a living sacrifice to human good. What task has he performed which has not had this for its motive energy? His books have all been written for the people. It was for them that he translated Homer, publishing it out of his own private purse. It was for them that he wrote the story of his life, if haply it might save them from the terrible abysses into which himself had fallen. They were God's people, and that was enough. What social wrong has he not openly denounced? what form of justice has not found in him a champion? Let us admire his learning, his great breadth of thought and culture; let us revere his steadfastness in the pursuit of truth; let us emulate his generous interpretation of the past. But, as superior to all these things, let us bow down before the love that consecrated these, and every noble gift to the divine in man. And, if the great Church of the future is to be after the pattern which he saw in the mount of his transcendent purity, may it soon come to hush our painful discords in the deep bosom of its peace!

## ART. V.—BUSHNELL ON VICARIOUS SACRIFICE.

1. *The Vicarious Sacrifice grounded in Principles of Universal Obligation.* By HORACE BUSHNELL. New York: Charles Scribner, & Co., No. 124, Grand Street. 1866.
2. *Die Christliche Lehre von der Versöhnung in ihren geschichtlichen Entwickelung, &c.* Von DR. F. C. BAUR. Tübingen: 1836.
3. *The Atonement. Discourses and Treatises by Edwards, Smalley, Maxey, Emmons, Griffin, Burge, and Weeks. With an Introductory Essay.* By EDWARDS A. PARK. Boston: 1859.

IN an article on "Open Questions," in the January number of this periodical, we said that "all the doctrinal questions, with a few exceptions, which have been opened by theology from the beginning, remain open still." One of the most conspicuous among these is that of the Atonement, or Vicarious Sacrifice. The titles of three works are prefixed to this article. The author of one is the great founder of the school of historic criticism in Germany; that of another, the accomplished leader of Orthodox theology in New England; while Dr. Bushnell, whose book it is our special purpose to consider, is one of the most genial thinkers and affluent minds among our religious writers. When three such men as these devote the energies of refined intellect, masterly erudition, and facile speech to the discussion of the same subject, it behooves us to pause, before we pronounce it antiquated or outworn. We are too often tempted to consider those discussions closed, in which we ourselves are no longer interested. It would be convenient, no doubt, if doctrines once refuted and put down would *stay* down,—if, when the brains were out, the man would die; but unfortunately it is not so. The crudest forms of the doctrine of the atonement, for example, are propagated in such works as the prophecies of Dr. Cumming and the religious novels of the Miss Warners, of which hundreds of thousands of copies are circulated. So that we are obliged, at last, to realize the fact that it is necessary to examine and re-examine these ques-

tions, since they touch the profoundest places in the minds of the thinking few, and the depths of emotion in the hearts of the feeling many.

Nor is it wise or well to treat the earnest, serious opinions of our fellow-men upon these themes in merely an antagonist vein. We may take any book like this of Dr. Bushnell's; and, if we are disposed to make it appear ridiculous, it is not difficult to do so. In so large a volume from so frank a writer, many things may be found, which, taken from their connection, seem absurd. But candid criticism will prefer to take the author's own point of view as much the most profitable. The other method, "though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve." The wisdom of the wisest of modern Germans appears strikingly in his remarks on the superior value of positive to negative criticism. The first, he says, is difficult, but productive; the other is easy, but unproductive. Though Orthodox critics are somewhat famous for the destructive style of criticism, we sometimes meet sharp specimens of it among their opponents. Such critics, though they may write in the interest of liberal theology, produce on us the effect of Calvinists turned inside out. We hope to avoid this method in our treatment of Dr. Bushnell, in the present article.

The general question we propose to discuss under these three heads:—

The Atonement in general, with its basis in human nature.

The History of the Doctrine in the Christian Church.

The attitude of American Theology, and of Dr. Bushnell in regard to it.

I. Opinions which have been widely held and long retained, which re-appear after they seem to have passed away, which are the animating principle of systems of thought, and which have enlisted the affections of vast numbers, must meet some want in the nature of man. No philosophy, at the present time, which deserves the name of philosophy, can afford to ignore them. Such an opinion is that which goes by the name of the Atoning Sacrifice, or Doctrine of Vicarious Atonement. Dr. Baur, in the book named at the head of

this paper, has traced its progress in the Christian Church from the earliest times, with profound attention. His work, first of all, gave unity and coherence to the treatment of the subject. He declares the idea of reconciliation to be the centre of religion, and of all religions; but says that, in the Christian religion alone, this relation between God and man, of diversity and unity, comes to clear consciousness as sin and grace. He shows the rise and progress of the doctrine as one steady tendency of thought, having its current and its eddies, its forward movement and its backward curves. He shows it as being in an objective form among the Gnostics and Apostolic Fathers, a transaction quite outside of the realms of nature, as becoming more subjective and human in the hands of the mediæval doctors, till the Reformation gave it a wholly anterior character, as an experience in the human mind, from which it has again been taken by the philosophy of Hegel into the regions of objective thought. His whole account shows the tenacity with which it has held in its grasp the Christian thinkers of all ages; changing its form often, but keeping itself always a part of the system of Christian doctrine.

Yet there is no doctrine of the New Testament which has been more obscured by conflicting theories, vague expressions, and mystical ideas, than this. Professor Jowett says, "The perplexities of the doctrine of the atonement are the growth of above a thousand years. Rooted in language, disguised in figures of speech, fortified by logic, they seem almost to have become a part of the human mind itself." The difficulty is increased by the fact, that the conscience of man, making him sensible of sin, disposes him to receive easily any theory which promises the pardon of his sin. The natural conscience in all men connects the notion of guilt and punishment, of guilt and anger. If we have injured another, our conscience tells us that he has a right to be angry with us, and a right to punish us. We feel that he has become our enemy; that we are in danger from his just indignation, which we can only escape in one of two ways, either by making him powerless, or by inducing him to

forgive us and be reconciled to us. If his power is such that we cannot protect ourselves against it, the only alternative that remains is to do something to appease him. This something we should call a propitiation. It would consist either in going to our enemy, confessing our fault committed against him, begging his pardon, promising not to repeat the offence, and by this humility appeasing his anger; or, if this does not seem sufficient, to make some satisfaction to him. This satisfaction might consist in offering to pay any penalty which he should think just, or endure any punishment he may think proper to inflict. Sometimes we might anticipate his demand by bringing some gift or offering, and presenting it to him; or we might try to appease his displeasure by inflicting some voluntary injury or suffering on ourselves,—in short, making a sacrifice. Or, in some cases, a friend might do this for us. If we were helpless prisoners in the hands of our enemy, he might bring gifts, and offer them as a ransom to redeem us out of the enemy's power. This ransom, offered by our friend for us, might purchase our freedom.

Among all nations, these ideas and actions have been applied to religion. Whenever men have believed themselves to have offended God, and to have made the gods their enemies, they have tried to propitiate them in similar ways. They have believed the gods to be made like themselves, with like passions and feelings; have supposed that they became angry like men, and could be appeased as men are appeased. They have, therefore, tried exactly the same methods. They have expressed sorrow, have humbled themselves, have made confession, and have tried to pacify their gods by gifts and offerings, and by self-inflicted punishments. But as the gods were invisible, and could not receive these gifts in person, they were offered to their temples or their priests, or else placed on an altar and burnt; so that the gift, resolved into its gaseous elements, might ascend into the airy region where the gods were supposed to dwell. This seems to be the simple and natural explanation of the origin of sacrifices. It is not necessary to look for any other. Men treated their gods as

they treated one another. They offered them presents to pacify their anger, or to procure their good-will. No doubt, as the priests in all religions derived great benefits from these offerings, they would encourage and systematize them, and so build up a theory concerning the good effect of sacrifices in procuring the pardon of sin. We need not suppose this priestcraft to imply a deliberate purpose to deceive. Like people, like priest. What the people believed, the priests believed too. Only they believed it *more*, because in their case it was re-enforced by self-interest.

But now, in the Old Testament, God is represented as establishing such a system of sacrifices for the Jews through Moses. The origin of sacrifices, to be sure, is not ascribed in the Old Testament to God. Sacrifices are represented as existing before Moses, and without any hint given that they proceeded from any divine command. Still they are accepted into the Mosaic-system, and become a regular part of its worship. We find in the levitical law different kinds of sacrifices established; as burnt-offerings, meat-offerings, sin-offerings, and incense,—the time, place, and manner of making which offerings are all distinctly specified. What was the value of these? We do not now believe that God was pleased or pacified, by these offerings, except so far as they were expressions of sincere penitence on the part of the people. The prophets themselves, from Samuel and David, clear through, constantly declare that God had no pleasure in sacrifices; and that, when accompanied with wicked conduct, with injustice and cruelty, he would not have them.

Why, then, were they instituted in so wise a code? Partly as a system of worship, adapted to an ignorant people and an uncivilized period. They were visible prayers,—prayers of thanksgiving, of penitence, of supplication, and of self-dedication. There are sacrifices corresponding to each one of these states of mind, showing conclusively that the system of sacrifices was a form of worship. The people were not ready for a more spiritual system; and the Mosaic sacrifices took the place of the superstitious and cruel sacrifices which prevailed among surrounding nations. No human sacrifices were

allowed, and all the rest were so arranged as to prevent the priests from multiplying their demands on the people. We may talk just as plainly and sincerely by actions as by words; and, when a man brought a kid or a lamb as a sacrifice, it was just as honestly and truly his prayer as when we say in words, "Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners." If he intended it as confession, it was confession; if he intended it as supplication, it was supplication. His offering might be a mere form, with no heart in it; but so also often are our prayers.

Was there any other value or meaning than this in the Jewish sacrifices? If we regard the lawgiver as inspired, and so speaking with divine authority, there was. In that case, the institution of sacrifices was a declaration of God's forgiving love. When the Jew offered a sacrifice, if he was sincere and truly penitent, he not only expressed his sense of guilt, but received a sense of God's pardon. God had promised, that, if he did thus, his sins should be forgiven; and, when he did the act, he went away with the feeling that his sin was indeed forgiven. Now, man needs this conviction for his own good; for, until he feels that his sin is pardoned, he remains alienated from God. But, while he is thus alienated, and the wrath of God rests on him, he lacks the chief motive to goodness, namely, the feeling of God's love. A religion can do very little for the moral education of those who receive it, unless it conveys to them an assurance of God's forgiving mercy, and shows them how they can really attain it. The system of sacrifices among the Jews really did this to a great extent, and therefore it was a good system of education.

But every such system, after a while, stiffens and hardens into mere routine. The life of it is gone: the dead body remains. Then it becomes a mere superstition. Such was the case with the levitical law in the time of Christ. He came, not to destroy, but to fulfil the law; to fulfil it in something far higher, which should include all the good in it, and add something more. Now, we have seen that there were two good things in the levitical system of sacrifices,—first, that they provided a form of worship for a rude people, and

also that they relieved the mind from a sense of God's anger and estrangement, and introduced the sense of his forgiveness into the soul, and so brought the human child back to his Father. They told him what God wanted him to do, and what God accepted. Christ fulfilled both of these ends. For the outward system of sacrifices, he substituted good works from man to man. Instead of saying, "When you have done wrong, bring a kid and offer it on the altar, and you shall be forgiven," he says, "When you have done wrong, forgive your enemy, and you shall be forgiven yourself." Instead of saying, "Show your repentance by sacrificing a bullock," he said, "Show your repentance by sacrificing your anger." The true form of worship, the true liturgy of Christianity, says the Apostle James, is "to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keep one's self unspotted from the world."

The other use of the Jewish sacrifice was to produce the conviction of pardon from God. This sense also of God's forgiving love was communicated in a higher form and fuller measure by Christianity.

The words of Jesus, in the Gospels, have taught men effectually the forgiving love of God. The life and death of Jesus have also taught it. As a matter of fact, the sense of God's forgiving love has taken root in Christendom, so that it is not now necessary to re-enforce this belief by any system of sacrifices. All Christians now believe, that, if they repent, God will forgive them. They believe this through Christ; that is, Christ has produced this conviction in their souls.

Now, on these facts of human experience and human want, has arisen in the Church a doctrine of reconciliation. It does not occupy the whole foreground of Christian experience; but it does have its place, and that an important one. Now, as always, men feel that they are sinners, and need to know how they can be reconciled to God. Any theology, which omits or neglects this great human experience, will fail of touching the hearts of the mass of mankind. It will not do to pass it by. We must have a place in every com-

plete theology for a sound doctrine concerning sin, and redemption from sin.

II. But we now pass on to consider, briefly, the principal forms this doctrine has taken in the Christian Church. We shall do this, however, only so far as is necessary to enable us to judge of the position of Dr. Bushnell, and his work.

That Christ *shows* us the forgiving love of God, all Christians agree. The only question is, Has he done any thing to *procure* for us this divine love,—to make it possible for God to forgive the penitent, when otherwise it would not have been possible? This is the great question which has been discussed under different names from the beginning. It has been called the doctrine of Atonement, Vicarious Sacrifice, Expiation, Propitiation, Substituted Suffering, and Satisfaction. The Church from the beginning has taught, that Christ has done something to make it possible for God to forgive us, when otherwise it would not have been possible. What that something is, has been very differently explained in different periods. That Christ did something more than to teach the forgiving love of God,—that he did something to enable God to forgive us, by removing some difficulty that lay in the way,—lies at the bottom of all these theories. There seems to have been, deep rooted in the Christian consciousness, the idea that there existed some sort of obstacle in the way of our forgiveness; and that this obstacle, whatever it was, Christ removed, and especially removed it by means of his death. But what this obstacle was, has been very differently explained in different ages of the Church. The principal theories, however, on the subject have been three,—that of the early Church, which lasted for a thousand years, and which was founded on the idea of Ransom or Redemption; that of the Middle Age, which lasted till the Reformation, and which was founded on the idea of a Debt; and that which has been the most popular view since, which is based on the notion of Divine Government. In all these, however, it is the divine Justice which is to be satisfied: only in the first system it is Justice to the Devil; in the second, Justice to God; and, in the third, Justice to Mankind.

The first theory of atonement arose in this way. Men found in Scripture the words *ransom* and *redemption*. Christ said himself, that he came "to give his life a ransom for many." In Colossians, we are said to have "been delivered by Christ from the power of darkness," and to "have redemption through his blood." The question therefore was, To whom was this *ransom* paid, and from what slavery are we *redeemed* by means of it? Now, ransom is something paid to an enemy who has us in his power, to induce him to let us go. But God is not our enemy, and we do not want to be freed from him; therefore the ransom could not have been paid to God. The enemy who held us in his power was assumed to be the Devil, and the ransom must have been paid consequently to him. The first theory, therefore, of the atonement was that the atonement was made to the Devil, and not to God. The Devil had us in his power in consequence of our sins. By our sin, we had made ourselves his slaves, and we belonged to him. Now, the Devil also had rights, which it was necessary to respect. His case was like that of Southern slaveholders before the rebellion. Much as Abraham Lincoln disliked slavery, he had no right to free the slaves under the Constitution. But, when the slaveholders rebelled, they lost their rights, and the slaves could be emancipated. Just so, according to this primitive theory of the atonement, it was with Satan. The souls of sinners were justly his slaves, for they had sold themselves to him by their sins; and God had no right to emancipate them. So God became incarnate in Christ; and the Devil mistook him for a mere man, and killed him, and sent him to hell to be a slave. But, in doing this, he made a great mistake; he committed a blunder like that of the slaveholders when they rebelled against the United-States Government. As the rebellion gave the President the right to emancipate the slaves by a military act, so, when the Devil put Christ to death, he gave God the right to emancipate all mankind. For, as Jesus had not committed sin, the Devil had no right to make him his slave; and, as he was God disguised as man, in putting him to death he had inflicted an amount of evil equal to all he had a right to inflict on all the

sinners who had been or would ever be in his power. The slaves, therefore, were all redeemed; and the Devil, of his own accord, had accepted a ransom for them much larger than he had any claim to. This was the first theory of the atonement; and, though so completely forgotten now as to seem absurd, it was the Orthodox theory for ten centuries. It was taught by Irenæus and Origen. Augustine held it too, and considered the right of the Devil to be the right of property; and really it seems about as scriptural and logical as any view which has prevailed since.

The second theory of the atonement was that of Anselm, in the eleventh century. He denied the rights of the Devil, and said that God owed nothing to the Devil but punishment. He defined sin as not paying to God the debt we owe him. God owes it to himself, therefore, to insist on having either satisfaction or inflicting punishment. Satisfaction was only possible on the supposition of a God-man, the death of whom was not punishment, but satisfaction instead of punishment. This theory became the prevailing theory down to the Reformation, though it was considered very heretical by Saint Bernard and others to deny the rights of the Devil. Bernard was a conservative, like those who question the legality of Abraham Lincoln's emancipation-proclamation. He thought the atonement would lose all its legality, if not regarded as made to a hostile power, actually holding us in bondage. But Anselm's theory, based on the notion of debt, prevailed. There seemed some Scripture for this too. The passage in the Lord's Prayer, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors,"—the parable of the creditor who had two debtors, and the like passages, make a very sufficient foundation for this theory.

But, after the Reformation, the theory of Anselm was attacked with so much sharpness by the Socinians, that it became necessary to substitute another in its place. And this was done by the great Hugo Grotius, who taught that Christ did not die to make a ransom to the Devil, nor to pay the debt which men owed to God, but to satisfy the justice

of God as a moral governor. "For," said he, "if man is forgiven without some atonement, there would be a moral injury done to the universe. The dignity of the law requires some satisfaction, and the death of Christ satisfies the law by producing a moral influence on mankind. According, therefore, to the first theory, Christ paid the debt due to the Devil; according to the second, he paid the debt due to God; and, according to the third, he paid the debt due to the moral universe. According to the first, it would not be just to the Devil to forgive sinners without the death of Christ; according to the second, it would not be just to God himself; according to the third, it would not be just to the universe. Through all these theories, therefore, runs the idea of divine justice. God's justice to the Devil, to himself, or to the moral universe, required the death of Christ before forgiveness would be proper.

This is the course which the doctrine has taken, modified certainly by innumerable minor variations. But it will be seen how each of these leading theories was suggested by the tendencies of public opinion at the time when it originated. The first was based on the usages of war, at a time when prisoners taken in battle were universally sold into slavery. So slavery, and ransom from slavery, were the notions seized upon as the basis of the doctrine. A warlike period suggested a warlike theory of the atonement. But, when Anselm came, a new phase of opinion had arisen. Law was beginning to supersede force. "The great change," says Guizot, in his *History of Civilization*, "which was brought about from the eleventh to the thirteenth century, was the rise of a judicial order, of a class of persons devoted especially to the administration of justice." At this period the profession of lawyers began, and they rendered immense services to civilization by helping to abolish the feudal power. Now, it was just at this time that this legal period suggested a legal theory of the atonement,—one based on debt and payment. And, in the same way, the governmental theory came when men were occupied with theories of civil government

and international law. Grotius's "Defence of the Theory of Satisfaction against Faustus Socinus" (published 1617) consisted in the surrender of that theory, and the substitution of another in its place. He defines the atonement to be an act of jurisdiction or dispensation in favor of the guilty person. All positive laws, he says, may be relaxed. The law in Gen. ii. 17 may be remitted, because it is not expressive of the divine nature, but the divine will. By Christ's death, God's hatred of sin, care for his law, and goodness to men, are all seen. According to the jurists, he says, this is the best kind of relaxation of a law, when there is a *commutatio* or *compensatio*. "Proxima enim sunt idem et tantundem."

After this review, we may say that no one theory of the atonement has ever been able to hold its own permanently; that each has been based on some one figure or phrase of Scripture; and that the only thing common to them all has been the notion, that, to make forgiveness possible, something must be done to meet some kind of claim of justice,—but *what* claim, no one knows.

III. We pass now to the consideration of the question, What is the present attitude of New England Orthodox theology, and of Dr. Bushnell in the book before us, to this doctrine?

Orthodox theology in New England is supposed to derive from Jonathan Edwards, and is therefore called Edwardean. It was developed by Smalley, Bellamy, Hopkins, Emmons and others. Professor Park's work gives the genesis of this system; and, to one unaccustomed to these subtle distinctions, seems intricate enough. The chief object of the theory, we may say, is to obviate the objections brought against the Calvinistic doctrine. The name of Calvin is adored in Orthodox New England: he has nowhere been more thoroughly studied. His theology is dry, cold, hard; but it is very logical, and has, therefore, commended itself to the calculating intellect of our people. We shall not disturb the ashes in which the wonted fires of zeal for Calvinism are still gently smouldering. We will only say, that the bold and patient student who desires to see the Calvinistic Doctrine of the

Atonement, with its New-England improvements, will have his wishes fully met in this book of Professor Park.\*

The substance of this New-England theology seems to be expressed by the words equivalent, substitution, and governmental. Christ was not punished in the place of sinners, as the old Calvinism declared, but he suffered what was accepted as an equivalent; and this was substituted for their punishment. The object of this was, not to satisfy the Justice of God, in the sense of demanding punishment for sin, but to satisfy his governmental justice, as a Moral Ruler. This is the prevailing theology of New-England Orthodox divines at the present time.

Sifted to the bottom, this theory does not differ essentially from that contended for by Unitarians, under the name of moral influence. It differs, however, in this,— that it makes the death of Christ, a display of God's anger against sin, while that of the Unitarians regards it more as a display of his love for the sinner. According to all these Orthodox theories, there was a strong desire in the heart of the Almighty to save sinners; but there was a difficulty in the way, in the principle of justice in his own mind. According to liberal Christianity, the only difficulty is in the mind of the sinner. As soon as he is ready to repent, God is ready to pardon him. All the Orthodox theories, both Old School and New School, seem to ignore the fact, that, wherever in the Bible, punishment is threatened against the sinner, pardon is promised on the one condition of repentance.

But now Dr. Bushnell arrives on the arena with a work whose theory is almost identical with that of Noah Worcester,

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\* See Park's "Introductory Essay, on the rise of the Edwardean Theory of the Atonement." See also "Bibliotheca Sacra," April, 1861, for an article by Dr. Fisk, on the "Moral-Influence Theory, the Satisfaction Theory, and the Governmental Theory." Also Bib. Sac., July, 1862, for an article by Dr. Pond, on Hopkinianism. Also Bib. Sac., April, 1863, "The Old School in New England Theology," by Prof. Lawrence, of East Windsor. Also Bib. Sac., October, 1859, "The Atonement, a satisfaction for the Ethical Nature of both God and Man," by Prof. William J. Shedd. And, finally, see all these New-England systems reviewed from the point of view of unmitigated Orthodoxy, in some very able articles by Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, in "Essays and Reviews."

published in 1831, and called "The Atoning Sacrifice, a display of Love, and not of Wrath." In this, he breaks away from all Orthodox traditions, and gives us a theory which no Unitarian need hesitate to accept. In a brief notice, in our last number, some inconsistencies and some objectionable statements were pointed out, and there are many more such, which might be noticed. We object, *toto cælo*, to his doctrine of eternal punishment, which seems to us as weak as it is false. We are amazed at his transcendental ethics, in part iii., chap. i., in which the theological muse takes a loftier *a-priori* flight than we have ever happened to observe outside of the vast abstractions of the Gnostics. It passes the flaming bounds of place and time, and reasons downward from what God might have been, till it arrives at last at what God is. It imagines what would happen to the Deity if He were to cast off moral restraint, and conceives that the shock "would shiver the integrity of his mould, and leave him a wreck of eternal incapacity." It tells us how God came to regard himself as elected to be Ruler, and how, when he found that moral creatures had broken the law, he instituted a government for them. So that, while our guide is thus moving before us, with supreme dominion, through the azure depths of these speculative heavens, we seem to be present at a convention called to make a constitution for the moral universe, and to be reading an inedited chapter of the book of Genesis.

But it must by no means be supposed that these freaks of fancy, or flights of transcendental metaphysics, make the chief substance of the essay. Its peculiarity lies in taking the doctrine of atonement out of metaphysics into life, out of the range of the understanding into the region of the affections. It substitutes, for the bare naturalism of the understanding, the humanity of earthly experience. For Orthodoxy sins mainly in this,—that it is a pure system of naturalism. All theology being wholly the work of the understanding, it can never pass the limits of the understanding, and, therefore, can never get out of nature into grace, or receive the things of the Spirit of God. Therefore, it deals with schemes,

contrivances, compromises, expedients. The Gospel, instead of being a revelation, an unfolding of God, is a cunning contrivance by which the Almighty is able to get round difficulties, and do what He wishes to do, without doing what He dislikes. The very terms we hear so often — "Plan of Salvation," "Scheme of Redemption," — suggest rather the adroit manœuvres of a village politician, than the grand unfolding of the life and thought of Deity in Nature and Providence.

Dr. Bushnell refers frequently to Anselm, the father of the system of satisfaction in the Church. According to Dr. Baur's account of it, Anselm's satisfaction seems to be a mere contrivance of the most frivolous character. For, according to Anselm, to satisfy God, man must give God more than any thing that is not God. To do this, he must be greater than any thing that is not God. But only God is this, therefore God must pay it. But man owes it, therefore man must pay it. So God must become man to satisfy justice. This God-man must give God more than all that is not God, and yet something extra which he does not himself owe to God. Perfect obedience he owes; this, therefore, is not the satisfaction required. But he is not bound to die, because he is not sinful; and this, therefore, is an adequate satisfaction. Now the Father, for so great a gift, must give something again. He can give nothing to the Son himself, for, being God already, he possesses all things. Therefore he gives what the Son desires to have given, which is human redemption. Thus justice and love are reconciled. Justice is satisfied by the death of the Son; but this death is itself the highest expression of divine love. Now all this is pure naturalism of the lowest order. It is very much as if a son should owe his father one thousand dollars. Justice to himself does not allow the father to forgive the debt, mercy does not allow him to exact it. So he makes a present to the son of the thousand dollars, wherewith to pay him, and so justice and mercy are reconciled. Is not this an exact parallel to the Anselm theory?

Dr. Bushnell cuts away from this naturalism. We have said that all theology is naturalism; for, being the work of

the understanding, it runs in the limits of the understanding. Spiritual things cannot be logically discerned; they must be spiritually discerned. The forms in which they can be expressed most adequately are those of the imaginative reason, or the reason speaking by symbols. Jesus taught almost wholly in this way, using the forms of nature as symbols of spiritual facts and laws. The garment by which we see God is woven "at the roaring loom of Time," with every daybreak and sunset. Dr. Bushnell, fully aware of this, returns to the original language of the soul, and so passes far away from the reach of the New-England theology into the theology of the universal heart and spirit of man.

The real gospel, he says, is the whole life of Jesus. "There has been kept up, for centuries, a strain of logical and theological endeavor—shall I call it high, or shall I call it weak and low?—to make out some formal, legal, literal account of substitution and vicarious sacrifice, in which all God's quickening motivity and power are taken away from the feeling, and nothing left but a sapless wood, or dry stubble of reason, for a mortal sinner's faith to cling to" (p. 48). He therefore proposes no article *about* Christ, but Christ himself, the power of God unto salvation. The cross is with him a moral power. The vicarious sacrifice is essentially the SYMPATHY of God and Christ with the sinner. He bore our sins by sympathy. Thus, a mother may suffer by sympathy for her child more than the child suffers for itself. All love is thus vicarious, and such vicarious suffering is also the highest joy. Christ's work was therefore not exceptional or peculiar, but the same in kind with that done by all good beings. Goodness is the same in all worlds. God himself is no better than he ought to be. The atoning work of Christ was not an *official* work, done because he was sent to do it, but a work springing naturally out of his goodness. We are all to take a part in Christ's vicarious sacrifice. We all are to atone for the sins of the world by our loving sympathy with sinners. Christ's character, not his office, made him a Redeemer of men. "The true and simple account of his suffering is, that he had such a heart as would not suffer him to be turned

away from us" (p. 108). If we are Christians, we must partake of this atoning work too.

"What shall we think of any theologic doctrine or dictum which makes a blank space at the very heart of the gospel, or which raises fences to keep men off from just that common standard of heavenly virtue in which all perfect minds are to meet; which says, this kind is for Christ, another for mankind? . . . The supreme act of the Devil never invented a greater theft than the stealing-away from the followers of Christ the conviction that they are thoroughly to partake of the sacrifice of their Master" (p. 122).

Accordingly, Christ, says Dr. Bushnell, did not come here to die, but died because he was here. He came, not to suffer a certain amount of penalty, but to heal souls; not to do something *for* them with God, but to do something *in* them, by making them alive. Those who call preaching a satisfaction to God's anger or justice "preaching Christ," do the poorest and most repelling thing of all. The true view of Christ's mission, says our author, excludes the possibility of any dogmatic formula, in which it can be stated. It included all his life.

Dr. Bushnell, therefore, contradicts all Orthodoxy, Old School and New,—that of Princeton and that of Andover equally.

"I am obliged," he says, "to disallow the necessity of any penal satisfaction, or, indeed, of any compensation to God's justice, for the release of transgression" (page 267).

"There is no such thing in God, or in any other being, as a kind of justice which goes by the law of desert, and ceases to be justice when ill-desert is not exactly matched with suffering." "There is no principle which a human being can state or even think, which obliges him to do by the disobedient exactly as they deserve.

"God does not dispense justice by direct infliction, but by a law of natural consequence.

"On the whole, this matter of a contrived compensation to justice, which so many take for a gospel, appears to me to contain about the worst reflection on God's justice that could be stated, without some great offence against reverence. For the justice satisfied, is satisfied with injustice! The forgiveness is forgiveness on the score of pay!

The Judgment-day disclaims the fact of forgiveness after payment, and takes payment again! The penalties threatened against wrong-doers, are executed on a right-doer. And only in a fictitious sense are they executed even on him!" (page 293.)

We do not follow Dr. Bushnell through his criticisms on the different schools of Orthodoxy. The above extracts indicate sufficiently the method he will take with them. Nor do we linger on the fine chapters at the end of the volume in regard to sacrifices and sacrificial language, concerning which he takes the same view we have given above, in the first part of this article.

We thank Dr. Bushnell for the book as a whole, omitting criticisms on its details. It proceeds from a living mind and heart, and from a free spirit. It shows no anxiety to stand right with Orthodoxy, or to make heresy sound as much like the Assembly's Catechism as possible. It is the first manly, frank, declaration from the Orthodox side that the whole Orthodox creed on this subject is empty. It takes its stand, not on tradition, not on Scripture, not on the expediencies of technical religion, but on the "broad stone of honor,"—the eternal instincts of right, of truth, of noble purpose, of manly generosity. We welcome the book in this sense, not as a Unitarian book, which it is not, and does not pretend to be, but as a book written in that spirit of a reasonable and liberal Christianity, which includes all sincere faith and purpose "as the sea its waves."

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#### ART. VI.—AN AMERICAN IN THE CATHEDRALS OF EUROPE.

*Art and Scenery in Europe.* By HORACE BINNEY WALLACE. Philadelphia. 1857.

To one who appreciates the most solemn and enduring interests of human nature, who is susceptible to the grandeur and pathos of the world and of our fate in it, there are no other

buildings on earth so affecting as those religious structures in which humanity has embodied its aspiration and worship, its spiritual glory and grief. And far at the head among these stand the old cathedrals of Europe, overpowering shrines of the awe and love of other days, the faith, sacrifice, pain, and peace of departed generations; soaring into the sky, rich and wondrous as the inspiration that built them; lovely, revered, and lasting as the realities they typify. When the American, escaping from the storm of cares and rivalries that make the atmosphere of life in this land so corrosive, leaving behind him the prosaic newness and irreverent eagerness that prevail here, strays to the shores where solemn antiquity broods, and enters these old fabrics, tender and mysterious as the emotions out of which they sprang; as he contemplates the stains and tracks so many ages of his race have left there; as his awe-struck eyes follow the long aisles, the springing arches, the tremendous vaults, the cloud-bearing and sun-gilt spires; as he gazes around on the gray monuments of the dead, whose occupants lie figured on them in marble or bronze, while over their slumber a shower of pictures and sculptures image the achievements, and shadow forth the secrets, of the Christian faith,—he becomes the subject of indescribable sensations,—sensations holy, strange, and sweet even to awfulness.

The first religious impression made on the visitor to these churches is the profound sense of his own nothingness which they awaken. The prodigious magnitude, capable of holding the population of a city; the suggestions of endlessness in the aspiring lines and vaulting arches; the symbols of infinity in the silence, the dimness, the music, and the dome which "the solemn feelings of the mind distend into an ideal immensity, corresponding with the emotion of reverence that grows in the gazer,"—humble man to the dust, make him feel himself and his fellows to be as insignificant as so many insects creeping across the eternal floors, and vanishing, while the hoary edifice still reverberates, as before, the thunders of chant and dirge.

The same influences that thus convince man of his personal

littleness and helplessness, also create in him an irresistible persuasion of the nothingness of his life, the nothingness of the poor pomps, prides, and cares with which he vexes himself. In contrast with these weather-beaten walls, by which the successive waves of humanity for a thousand years have rippled, and then sunk into the grave, he cannot help feeling that his existence is but a bubble that breaks in a moment, on a river that flows for ever.

But, forcible as is this negative side of the religious influence of the cathedral, it is equalled by the enhancement and emphasis it gives to the positive religious feeling,—the sense of the omniscience, omnipotence, and perpetuity of God; the sense of participation with the loftiest and most abiding experiences of illimitable hosts of other souls. We experience the sublime ecstasy of self-annihilation in God; we lose the sense of our nothingness in the sense of His infinitude. Despite our evanescence as pilgrims, flitting across this slender isthmus of a middle state, we reach out each way over the long generations of the past and the future, and appropriate the divinest elements of their experience; we make their grandest inspirations and triumphs our own; we dilate and burn with the raptures of their faith, are healed with the consolations they knew, and soothed with premonitions of the heavenly peace into which they have passed and will pass.

The religious sentiments of the human soul are pre-eminently addressed by the cathedrals of the Middle Age, because those buildings are the monuments of a pre-eminently intense and profound inspiration of the religious sentiments existing in the period and the minds of those who reared them. The ecclesiastical idea claimed the whole epoch from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, rolling wave after wave of its contagious fervor through the Christian nations, and leaving these peerless edifices scattered over half Europe as its trophies. The doctrines and hopes of Christianity were taken into the social imagination of Christendom with such realizing vividness that it took fire with a creative impulse. Men were moved by a common desire to perpetuate their faith in visible forms. Entire populations toiled at the sacred

task, age after age, lavishing all that they held most precious on the work. It is not astonishing that they produced astonishing results, which were less the products of individual designers than exhalations of the imagination, concretions of the feeling, of society; symbolical embodiments of a common faith and a public inspiration. The great artists in whom this impulse of the age reached its height, who contrived and oversaw these marvellous erections, are in most instances utterly unknown. "Whispered not among men, honored not on the rolls of renown, are the names of those whose genius hung in the dim air the storied arches of many a cathedral nave, in which, gallery above gallery, to the very roof, seeming to bridge the interval between earth and heaven, stand, against the light, prophets and saints and martyrs and apostles, beckoning us upward to their glittering home."

This lofty self-abnegation, this hiding-away of pride and vanity in sacred oblivion, this fusion of private feeling in public feeling, of man in God, is profoundly religious, and is most appropriate in a work symbolical of religion. And surely those meek and patient builders who exemplified this virtue so passing well, have their reward. Every thing else for which they cared is gone and forgotten. "Victory, wealth, authority, happiness,—all have departed. But of them and their life, and their toil upon the earth, one reward, one evidence, is left to us in those gray heaps of deep-wrought stone. They have taken with them to the grave their powers, their honors, their errors, their names; but they have left us *their adoration.*"

The influence of the mere architecture itself of the finest mediæval churches, and the meaning it mutely struggles to articulate, has repeatedly produced an almost entrancingly religious effect. "The music-like sweetness of some of these structures suggests that they are translations into visible forms of the delicate carolling of some band of celestials. The chords of those exquisite lines of small arches that sweep along in successive ranges flow out into effects like audible harmonies. They are successive waves of beauty, which rolled along after one another, till, in the distance, they

dissolved into light," and then became fixed for ever. Of the countless pinnacles of the marvellous Gothic temple at Milan, Mr. Wallace says:—

"Shooting up through the gray air like some light play of the Borealis, I feared that it would vanish in the moonbeams before I could reach it. And when, the next day, beneath the glowing canopy of noon, from out the violet atmosphere its snowy masses rose before me, tingling and trembling with diamond-like light,—the thousands of statues upon it resembling a white-robed band of seraphs just alighted on the summit of each turret, buttress, and gable, and standing there with pearl-pale spears pointed up to heaven,—as I hung on this magical vision, thought and feeling melted together in a thrill; and, for an instant, I knew not whether to regard that blue heaven as a pictured dream of art, or that silvery pile as a crystallization of nature."

We copy from the record of another traveller:—

"One day, when the traces of selfish passions were burning in my veins, I went into that fine and sacred mass of majesty, the old cathedral at Pisa. I sat down in the shadowy aisle, gazed on the illuminated altar, and forgot the passers-by. My eyes fastened on the wondrous statues of the Father and the Son, with the Virgin Mary between them, enthroned on the lofty wall. Soon the music from the organ swelled aloft, and enveloped the sublime group as in a cloud of invisible incense. The grand and tender strains of the singers, now mounted triumphantly along the vaults, now fainted mournfully among the marble sepulchres. How quickly the spirit of devotion, of reverential trust and peace, rose in the soul, stealing through all its hot, defiled recesses, like a cool and cleansing air from heaven! The burden of guilt, hate, contempt, was shed from the brain in a baptism of tears, and the gentle innocence of childhood seemed to come back once more."

When an American pilgrim, a representative of our young and rash democracy, confronts the venerable antiquity, the accumulated beliefs, affections, and sorrows, the victorious permanence, the awful authority, typified in the old churches of Europe, he experiences a singularly religious impression in the feeling, that, although he and his are but momentary vapors, there *are* things which endure for ever. Though he

arose but yesterday and dies to-morrow, there were shadowy ages full of men before, and will be mysterious ages full of men after. We quote again from our traveller:—

“ I well remember with what vivid energy this truth was taught me as I listened to a chant of the monks in the Church of San Lorenzo at Florence. Leaning against a marble pillar alone, I gave myself up to the sentiment of the place and the music. Melodious crashes of echo slowly faded on the distant arches, and were lost in the swallowing dome. Ah! I sighed to myself, our generations pass like dissolving clouds; but these strains of pathetic triumph will sound on eternally. Yonder choir are not fleeting men, here to-day, gone to-morrow, who sing transient strains of sadness and exultation. It is an everlasting priesthood that sings the chronic glory and grief of the world. It is Humanity herself giving voice to her permanent paeans and plaints; and she will still be giving them the same voice when I shall have been in the dust a thousand years. Sink, then, wild passions, clamoring for the mastery of my soul! Down, wicked thoughts of revenge and ambition! Vanish, vain distinctions of this world’s pride! And you, idle lures of pomp and pleasure, trouble me no more! My allegiance is due to eternity: I belong to God!”

And again:—

“ It happened in Bologna, that I turned aside one day from the stifling dust and glare of the noon, and sat down on the marble steps of a side-chapel, in a solemn old church, whose mighty spaces were filled with coolness and shadows, brooded over by the spirit of calmness and sanctity. The multitudinous clamor and bustle of the city stole in and rolled fadingly along the dim arches and vaults overhead, like an ocean of sighs. Under my feet, the worn inscriptions vainly sought to tell the names of those, who, for many a century, had been sleeping there so well. Effigies of warriors stretched in marble on their tombs, with piteous attitude of clasped hands, their features and weapons discolored and mutilated by time and violence, filled niche after niche. The walls were covered with paintings expressive of every sentiment of devotion, memorizing many an old legend of saintliness and martyrdom. Gradually, the heat withdrew from vein and brow; the spirit of feverish care and haste throbbed no longer in heart or brain. I sat entranced. The far, still figures of prophets and angels in the dome, depicted so truly that they seemed to live, shed the benediction of their repose on my soul. At

that moment, from the distant choir broke the low, soft hymn of the nuns, gathering pathos and power as it rose and fell, unutterably mingled of the plaintiveness of the mortal and the glory of the immortal. My head sank back against the pillar, and the world vanished. Borne aloft on the strains, my soul rose into a region never lighted by sun or stars, but filled with unimaginable revealings. The music ceased; and, slowly recovering myself, I wandered out into the street, but could not tell whether I had been lingering there an hour or a hundred years."

The fittest close for these sketches will be a reminiscence of St. Peter's, the proudest fabric ever reared to the Immortal by the genius, faith, skill, and sacrifice of mortals,—“the everlasting shrine of the Religion of Humanity.” The first object that fills the vision of the traveller towards Rome, approach from whatever direction he will, is this harmonious and gigantic structure, still expanding as he nears, until reason is astonished, and the imagination itself can hardly embrace its vastness. “As his eyes labor upward from its mountainous base to its sun-silvered pinnacles, or follow the endless sweep of its colonnades, the little differences of sects and countries melt into nothing; his kindled sympathies snatch this universal temple from all partial appropriation, and claim it as MAN's monumental tribute to GOD. Its glory was conceived within that element which is the supra-mortal in man, and it will ever reproduce kindred emotion in him who approaches it. It sets on flame religious sensibility where it exists, and wakens or creates it where it slumbers or is wanting.” Who can stand amidst this ecclesiastical world of solemn “softness, brightness, and richness, which fuses the sentiments in a refined rapture of tranquillity,” and gaze around on this wilderness of variegated marbles and gold, and not feel the unworthiness of selfish passion, the petty evanescence of worldly glory? The moment the pilgrim lifts aside the leatheren door that shuts out the profane world,—to borrow the words of Mr. Wallace,—

“What a shower of high and solemn pleasure is thrown on his spirit! A splendor of beauty, a majesty of perfection, a spirit of calmness, an air of devout seclusion, as if no storm of crime or woe could ever beat here, filled the tabernacle, like so many fragrant

presences. Grandeur, strength, solidity,—suggestive of the fixed Infinite,—float unsphered within the immense regions, like clouds of lustre. It is the sanctuary of space and silence. No throng can crowd these aisles, no sound of voices or of organs displace the venerable quiet that broods here. The Pope, who fills the world with his pompous retinue, fills not St. Peter's; and the roar of his quired singers, mingling with the chant of a host of priests and bishops, struggles for an instant against this ocean of stillness, and then is absorbed into it like a faint echo. Here the worshipper tastes as it were of superhuman elements; has, in exquisitely sweet intellectual sensations, a mortal fruition of the Unbounded, the Ever-during, the divinely August. The whole structure seems as if it were a vast mystic-organ, distilling for our hearts, out of the common air of life, the music of inward and indestructible peace; for, often as I paced those marble floors, lost in every delicious emotion that gratified intellect and taste could supply, the inexhaustible and inexpressible glories of that tabernacle always translated themselves, to my spirit, in strains of ideal harmonies. Assimilating these heavenly impressions into our sad and sorrowing natures, we become insensibly chastened, and thereby pardoned. Surely, the very angel of consolation makes those vaulted roofs his chosen dwelling. Thou, who, disappointed in others, or more fatally disappointed by thyself, hast sought restoration from Nature, from Thought, or from Endeavor, go, tread those long-drawn aisles day after day and hour with hour; mingle thy tears with the dust that pilgrim-feet bring thither from the remotest borders of the earth, and thou shalt hear from the Paternal Awe, who stoops to inhabit the unsullied loveliness and loneliness there, whispers of a reconciliation with thyself, and contentment with thy destiny."

Surely, every American, who, leaving for a season the crude irreverence of this immature and emulous land, has wandered, for the healing and hallowing of his soul, through the old cathedrals of Europe, will join in grateful enthusiasm with the multitude who, through all the Christian centuries, have repeated the pious words of the Psalmist,—“How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord. A day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.”

## ART. VII.—EDWARD BROOKS HALL.

*Address delivered at the Funeral of Rev. E. B. Hall, D.D. Providence, R.I., March 8, 1866. By EZRA STILES GANNETT.*

RESPECT, gratitude, and affection, all require that this journal should put on lasting record, in its pages, some memorial of the life and character of so worthy and useful a minister of the Unitarian faith as the late Dr. Hall. A contributor to the permanent literature of the denomination, both in the way of religious biography and controversial divinity, and an occasional writer in the pages of this journal, his name should be fairly inscribed in the oldest literary organ of our faith, where he himself, the most ardent and convinced of all Unitarians, would have loved best to see it.

Edward Brooks Hall was born at Medford, Mass. He was graduated at Harvard College in the class of 1820, and from the Cambridge Divinity School in 1824. On the 16th of August, 1826,—an occasion the writer of this notice well remembers,—he was ordained pastor of the Unitarian Church at Northampton. During a period of three years,—when his lost health compelled him to resign his charge, and seek recovery of it in the West Indies,—we listened, a boy of a dozen years, to his earnest and affectionate preaching. We recall with gratitude to-day the pleadings of his veiled voice, and the pathos of his invalid appearance; his face glowing with a half-consumptive hectic, round which a halo of light and curling hair played in delicate clusters. Tall and thin, he seemed to us preaching over his own grave, and to bring a solemnity and directness to the work which one soon to pass within the veil might naturally use.

After a year given to our missionary church in Cincinnati, Ohio, Mr. Hall accepted, with serious misgivings of the strength of his own constitution, a call to the laborious pastorate of the First Congregational Church at Providence, where he was installed Nov. 14, 1832. Here, with not more than the ordinary interruptions from ill-health which the American

clergy so commonly experience, and with only two short vacations from labor,—one in 1837, when he went to the South, and one in 1850, when he visited Europe,—Dr. Hall pursued the even tenor of a laborious, systematic, and devoted ministry, to the close of his life, February, 1866. Harvard College conferred a Doctorate of Divinity upon him in 1848. From 1841 to the day of his death, he was a Trustee of Brown University. He was twice married: first, to Harriet, daughter of Dr. Henry Ware, senior, the revered head of the Ware family, of such historic significance in our denomination; and, second, to Louisa Jane, daughter of the late Dr. John Park, whom so many gratefully remember as among the earliest successful teachers of young women in our nascent civilization. Of the six children born to him by his first wife, one only survives,—a son. One daughter of the second marriage, with her mother, remains, to lament one of the best of fathers and husbands.

Dr. Hall, an early invalid himself, requiring constant caution, passed his life in the midst of invalidism and death. Rarely without serious sickness and threatening death in his immediate family, he was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; for familiarity did not blunt his sensibilities. Singularly warm in his household affections, he felt deeply and anxiously the sickness of his family, and buried his wife and children with a heart broken anew with every bereavement. The death of his son William, who had borne himself bravely and faithfully in the army, was perhaps a proximate cause of his own decease. He never fully recovered from the shock, and yielded the more easily to the secret malady that had long been preying at his heart.

It is due to Dr. Hall to state these facts, which his calm, reserved, unmurmuring carriage, never obtruding his private sorrows, may have concealed from many, because it was under this shadow, that he maintained, for nearly forty years, the cheerful, energetic, and persistent life of a devoted parish minister, neglecting neither his study, his pulpit, his parochial walk, nor any of the duties of a good citizen and a warm patriot. He was as laborious, devoted, and regular as

if he had enjoyed unbroken health, and been surrounded only by a hale and hardy household; as attentive to the sick in his parish as if he had had no sick at home; as free in his sympathies as if he had had every thing to give, and nothing to ask. He shrank from no labor with his pen, from no extra-services, from no needed amount of parish-work. Always intent upon fitly meeting the occasion or the necessity, he allowed nothing to daunt his industry or to impair his efficiency. The pulpit, the sick-room, the firesides of his parishioners, the Bible-class, the Sunday school, all attested his fidelity to every claim of service or affection exacted by the highest ideal of the pastoral office.

And the best part of this devotedness was its heartiness. It was not a mere concession to conscience, but an impulse of love. With an affection for his profession which amounted to a passion, there was not one of its duties which he did not perform with alacrity. Nothing was strange or wearisome to his heart, which was connected with or belonged to his ministerial calling. He loved to preach, and never counted even a second service a burden. He loved to pray, and was ready always with his pertinent and reverential petition, at the family altar, the bedside of sickness, or in the public assembly. Essentially a man of prayer, neither doubts nor moods shut up the heavens to him. He raised his eyes to the eternal hills with the most childlike confidence, and was always prepared to show any needy and empty wayfarer the way to the Father's house. Time and familiarity did not in the least stale his zeal and interest in his ministry. Next to performing its functions was the pleasure of talking over its duties with his professional brethren. If ever a minister loved the ministerial fraternity, he did. Unobtrusive and willing to listen, his pleasure was not derived from any active or showy part he took in clerical gatherings, but from the pure enjoyment he found in the society of like-minded men, from the instruction and strength he drew from the conversation and communion of his brethren; a measure whose generosity was often due more to his large recipiency than to the actual amount given out by others. Never wil-

fully absent from any conference, local or general, where the interests of the profession were to be promoted, he, more than almost any one of the brethren, continued to the last in the full and ever-growing faith, that association and conference were vitally necessary to ministerial comfort and efficiency.

The unquestioning, cordial, and conscientious devotion of Dr. Hall to his Unitarian views of Christianity was another characteristic of the man, and one of the special sources of his usefulness. He was not of those narrow sectarians who confine all the Christianity in the world to their own petty bailiwick, nor of that sort of spurious liberals who think one view of Christianity as likely to be true as another, and that there is little to choose, birth and fortuitous associations apart, between one school or denomination of faith, and any other. Owning the Church universal, gladly and sympathetically extending his fellowship to all Christians, stoutly contending against bigotry, exclusiveness, and illiberality, he was nevertheless a complete, a convinced, and an enthusiastic Unitarian. The most narrow orthodoxy could not have attached a sincerer preference to its own creed than he had for his broad and generous faith, nor felt a profounder obligation to diffuse it. He not only valued intensely the light and love and power of Unitarian Christianity; but he deplored the darkness and bigotry and unscripturality of Trinitarian and Calvinistic systems. They distressed him, as offences against truth and reason and the divine word. He could not, without a manifest effort, repress his impatience at the popular errors of theology. His doctrinal and polemical discourses were among his most truly characteristic religious and spiritual discourses; for the Christian dogmas took hold of his conscience and heart, and he knew and felt that the unscriptural theology of the popular Church seriously influenced and vitiated the life of communities. He felt, accordingly, a deep sense of accountableness for the zeal and activity of the Unitarian denomination, and was always foremost in labors for the cause of its missions, and the diffusion of its, literature. As a member of the Board of the American Uni-

tarian Association, he was unsparing of pains; and, as President, efficient and faithful.

Dr. Gannett, in his funeral sermon, has so fully and sympathetically described his classmate and friend, as a pastor, citizen, and Christian, that it seems presuming and superfluous to add any touches to a portrait, to which candor and discrimination, as well as affection and grief, have contributed their just colors and *due* proportions. Certainly *faithfulness*, more than any one word, describes Dr. Hall. We have known men with finer original endowments, with a more felicitous composition of qualities, but none who made a more conscientious improvement of their talents, or a more effective use of themselves. There seemed to be no waste in his nature. All his powers were available. He had himself under perfect drill. His active powers were precisely adapted to his passive. He had no greater disposition to meditation than to action, no more water in the boiler than there was fire under it. All the considerable scholarship, faculty of original reflection, and taste for reading and study he had, was turned to use, and made perfectly serviceable in his calling. Everybody remarked his prudent and practical turn of mind, and adaption to business affairs. But he had an equal, nay, a preponderating tendency to spiritual things, and never could have wisely chosen any calling but his own. Thrifty and economical by habit and principle, by a noble love of independence, and a laudable forethought for his family, he was generous to every good cause, and was able and accustomed to expend in charity, and in support of denominational and public objects, more than men of double his income — always less than his claims — are used to think possible.

He belonged more to the men of *character* than the men of *intellect*. His personality lent a great weight to what he thought and said. Grave, sincere, without parade or sentimentality, his faith was so genuine, his piety so clear, that no intimacy diminished their dignity or changed their aspect. At home and abroad, in the pulpit and in the street, in jest or in earnest, he was the same devoted, solid, and faithful

Christian. None could doubt the perfect amenability of his nature to the law of Christian principle. He made, therefore, through all his ministerial course, one identical impression, and could have left no difference of opinion about his character among all the observers of his consistent life.

The heat and passion which were in his native blood gave a vigor to his convictions and utterances which made them effective beyond the mere terms he used. His commonest speech had a glow of suppressed feeling that can alone explain the effect of his preaching, which was much better than his manuscripts might lead a reader to suppose.

Injustice, cruelty, selfishness, had his indignant abhorrence. He was a hater of slavery in all its forms,—political, moral, and intellectual. Conservative in his education and associations, he was without intolerance, and far from lacking sympathy with progressive thought in theology. He watched it with interest and without a morbid anxiety, and was wholly opposed to ostracism of free inquirers, or separation between the two schools of thought in our body.

Rhode Island and Providence have testified eloquently to the value of Dr. Hall's influence as a citizen. A man of the rarest and most persistent public spirit, no good object within his city or State—we may add, within the sphere of his possible help—ever lacked his earnest word, his faithful hand. He could be counted on, in advance, as the advocate and practical supporter of every worthy cause. Schools, libraries, charities, ministries at large, book-clubs,—any thing, in short, that tended to the enlightenment, elevation, and relief of his species,—had his hearty, intelligent sympathy and furtherance. He believed in humanity, in its claims, its possibilities, its need of guidance, and in the duty of Christians to consecrate themselves, body and spirit, to its service.

A consistent, industrious, consecrated Christian life, spent in a ministry to one community and one congregation near four-and-thirty years! what happier, more useful, or more enviable lot? The admirable balance of Dr. Hall's faculties was matched by the excellent proportions of his career. Fortunate on the soil of his special field, he struck firm roots

at an early period, yet not before manly vigor had been attained, into the ground he was to occupy. He built up about him a large united, effective congregation, a first-rate power in the city and State, among the few leading churches of our faith in the country or the world. He impressed himself upon two generations, and left the tinge of his pure and worthy character and the savor of his spirit, as permanent elements in the civilization and Christianity of Rhode Island. His memory will never decay. His qualities were not evanescent, showy, dependent on immediate presence. His influence was serious, solid, sure, and will tell for many generations upon the children's children of those who personally knew and loved and revered him.

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#### ART. VIII.—A POLITICAL NOTE.

CONGRESS and the President seem still to hold their relative positions, Congress holding tight to the substantial fruits of the war, the President holding equally tight to the Constitution. Whether the Constitution shall be read by its own light, or read by the light of the Declaration of Independence on one side, and the light of the war on the other, seems to be the question. The President makes himself the defender of the letter of the Constitution. He is particularly jealous for the reserved rights of the States, and makes the most of the theory that the States were not out of the Union during the Rebellion, much less since it was crushed; and, being in, are entitled to representation. In his judgment, the sole right in respect of the representation which Congress has, now that the war is over, and a proclamation of peace—omitting Texas—is issued, is to refuse to admit any senator or representative whose personal loyalty either house may doubt, fully acknowledging the right of any State to send loyal representatives. No doubt, the great principle, "No taxation without representation," is an American principle of the utmost historic value and importance. No doubt the

impossibility of secession is another principle of great worth, and fruitful in consequences. The war having no reference to the first, had very solemn reference to the last; and it is of the utmost consequence that the secession of the States should be declared legally impossible under any circumstances. But certainly the war was not waged by the victors to give the individual States any injurious power within the Union. It was not waged by them for the benefit of the States, or of any of their peculiar institutions or prejudices. It was waged in the interest of the Union; and it must leave the Union relatively stronger against its exposures from local, sectional, or state interests or jealousies, or it will disappoint the hopes and intentions of the American people, to which they made such enormous sacrifices of life and property.

There are times when there is something more binding than the fundamental law, and that is the national life and genius,—the spirit of the nation. There is no manner of doubt that the interpretations of the Constitution for thirty years before the war—and perhaps its own letter—were opposed to the *animus* of the Declaration of Independence. When these interpretations, founded upon the original compromises of the Constitution, which themselves were founded on humiliating—not to say immoral—necessities, had accumulated and hardened into a final decision of the Supreme Court, which really made the Declaration of Independence seem that string of glittering generalities which Mr. Choate had profanely declared it,—the nation was ripe for some radical change in its Constitution. The Providence of God sent it the opportunity, in the rebellion of the Southern, slaveholding States. It put that rebellion down, and abolished one cause of it,—the institution of slavery. It means to abate and discourage the other cause of the Rebellion,—the desire to break up the integral unity of the nation. It is because Congress does not trust, and cannot trust, the loyalty of the late rebellious States, that she refuses to admit their representatives. If it is not safe to have—which the President allows—a disloyal senator or representative in Congress, is it safe to have a disloyal State represented in the national govern-

ment? Can a loyal man represent a disloyal State? What can a senator's loyalty be worth, who undertakes to represent a disloyal State? And if Congress has a right to judge of the fitness of its own members, may it not say, No applicant for a seat, who represents a disloyal and ill-disposed community, is a fit person to share in the legislative and treaty-making power of this Government. This is substantially what Congress does say; and it is what the people back it in saying. We have had quite too much of the treasonable speeches of Davis of Kentucky and the half-treasonable speeches of Saulsbury of Delaware, to invite any more vain consumers of the nation's time and patience, and insulters of the great policy of our national war, into Congress for the present. Let the Government restore to the States in rebellion all rights and privileges, except those of balking and hindering that policy of moulding the Constitution to the Declaration of Independence, which the war has given the nation, by its tremendous sacrifices, the right to demand and accomplish. It is getting to be clear,— and Mr. Johnson's policy is to be thanked for making it clear,— that the statesmen of the South— Mr. Stephens for example— do not think the South has abandoned the offensive doctrine of State sovereignty, nor lost its reluctance to the dominion of the Union. Under these circumstances, why invite them by a choice of pliable representatives, with custom-house oaths in their mouths, to come and perplex and imperil our federal legislation, and support the President himself, in a policy which already alarms the friends of national unity, the friends of the negro,— who gave himself so freely to sustain it,— and the friends of liberty and continued peace?

Congress clearly knows its duty, and intends to fulfil it. We were disposed, at the issue of our last number, to think the President not more extreme than some part of Congress. But, while Congress has been growing temperate, he has been growing hot, and exhibiting an obstinacy, an over-confidence in his private judgment, which it ill becomes a President to show in the presence of the direct representatives of the nation's wishes. Himself an accidental President, it would

better become him to be as passive as his station allows. His temper has proved hasty; his self-reference, mortifying; and his demagogical tendencies, alarming. It may prove a serious obstacle to the usefulness of this whole Congress, that the energies of the executive and the legislative departments of the Government are wasted upon each other, instead of being expended upon the public good. It looks very much as if the President were going to prove that most difficult of all persons to deal with,—a self-made man, jealous of those educated to statesmanship, hating refinement, despising any philanthropy not his own, and obstinate in proportion to his narrowness and inexperience.

The passage of the Civil Rights Bill over the President's veto is a magnificent triumph of national wisdom and duty. The nation cordially acquiesced in the President's first veto: the prompt and significant refusal to acquiesce in the second veto shows just what was meant by the approval of the first, and limits very narrowly the swing which the people are disposed to allow the judgment or caprice of Mr. Johnson. We feel quite safe in the hands of Congress and the people since the Civil Rights Bill passed over the President's head, and met the public approval so widely. We can now wait a policy of reconstruction from Congress very patiently.

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#### ART. IX.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

##### THEOLOGY.

By general consent, the most remarkable work of recent years, in this department, is the biographical sketch or study entitled "Ecce Homo."\* It is understood to be by the hand of a layman of the Church of England; and conjecture has assigned to it no less a source than Mr. Gladstone. It is a work characterized by the vigorous, independent, first-hand dealing with the historical, and still more the ethical, mate-

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\* *Ecce Homo; a Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ.* Announced for immediate republication by Roberts Brothers, of Boston.

rial found in the Gospels. Without directly controverting — rather, perhaps, assuming — the usual dogmatic interpretation of the life there recorded, it yet attempts to deal with it in a way of purely legal exposition, so to speak, — something in the spirit, for example, of Maine's "Ancient Law," of which it has occasionally reminded us. It is an attempt to find in *the person and character of Jesus* the key to the vast movement, both historic and spiritual, known as Christianity. So far, it suggests most readily for comparison Mr. Furness's "Jesus and his Biographers;" but, while inferior in tenderness and spiritual insight to that most original of American studies of the Bible, it is greatly its superior in masculine force and breadth, and philosophical discrimination. Its discernment of the work of Jesus is official rather than spiritual, — "the rise of a monarchy," not the simple manifestation of a life; as its style, too, is clear, hard, secular, rather than devout and tender. Its merit lies not in accuracy of critical scholarship; indeed, it is so little precise in this respect, that the name "Christ," which in the gospel is always used as the type of "a politico-theological idea" (as a German might say), is here employed continually as a purely personal name, to the complete exclusion of the "Jesus" of the evangelists. Nor is it marked by special boldness of scientific criticism; since it is content to assume roughly the credibility of miraculous narrative on sufficient evidence, and so to deal with the account as it lies on the surface, like facts given in evidence before a court. Nor has it much of what we should have particularly expected and wished in such a study, — that is, a clear and profound appreciation of the actual circumstances of the gospel period, and the historical antecedents among the Jews which made possible at once the mission, the doom, and the glorious work of Jesus: indeed, we know not where, except in Gfrörer, to find even an attempt to master the historical problem from this vantage-ground; and with him it is *only* an attempt, foiled by his wilful and untrustworthy mode of treatment. So that this fresh and vigorous sketch finds its great value as a layman's study in a field bounded by no professional prerogative; in the nobility of its protest in behalf of the higher ethics of Christianity; \* and in the fruitful suggestion of many a point of interest, undetected or feebly discerned by a vision professionally narrowed. In its clear, vigorous, unprejudiced style

\* For example (p. 8): "No heart is pure that is not passionate; no virtue is safe that is not enthusiastic, and such an enthusiastic virtue Christ was to introduce."

of dealing with its topic and its proofs, it offers a most interesting comparison with the avowed polemic aim of Strauss's recent popularized edition of his "Leben Jesu," — a comparison which we commend to the attention of scholars and critics.

ANOTHER example in the same line, — the study of Christianity as pure history, — though here in the way of critical, painstaking erudition, we find in the three volumes of Mr. Donaldson already published.\* In the language of the writer, "Every period of history contains a message of God to man;" and, preliminary to the practical understanding and applying of that message, there is a task of purely literary criticism to ascertain precisely what it is. We do not observe that this task of criticism is discharged with any peculiar vigor or insight: it is rather spent in laying the materials of judgment before the reader's mind in as clear, full, and dispassionate a manner as possible. Compared with such a book as that we have just described, this is dull and slow: to read it is mere task-work; it is to be studied up patiently, if one cares enough about the matter it contains, which is, the germs of doctrine and opinion found in the earliest post-apostolic writings. Two points stand out above the general level of this useful but protracted dissertation, — one, the great disrespect towards the "Tübingen School" which is evinced and vindicated in the preliminary essay; and the other, the fine discerning and exhibiting of the "moral heat" of the Christian writings (vol. i. p. 50), and of the noble contrast they offer to the spirit and the literature of heathendom. Occasionally, a fact or a criticism bears a special value: as when it is shown that the Christian promise of salvation was no promise of selfish or personal delight, but that the phrase itself, "going to heaven," is of Stoic origin (p. 85); when the heretics, and not the Church, are shown to be the intolerant party (p. 53); and when the early Christian ethics are contrasted with pagan immorality on one side, and with modern verbal morality on the other (p. 84). The careful reader will find two distinct sources of interest in these scholarly and handsome volumes, — as a study of doctrine in the period of its early growth, and as an exhibition of the body of thought and imagery familiar to the religious

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\* *A Critical History of Christian Literature and Doctrine from the Death of the Apostles to the Nicene Council.* By JAMES DONALDSON. Vol. I. The Apostolic Fathers. Vols. II., III. The Apologists. London: Macmillan & Co.

fancy of that age. And their thorough conscientious workmanship promises to make them of classical and standard value.

IT is greatly to be regretted by those who seek results of permanent value in Mr. Stanley's bulky and showy volumes,\* that he should have cast them in the form of lectures to an uncritical audience, and should have thought it necessary to disguise the simplicity of the historical lesson in a frequently theatrical jargon, and a prodigiously inflated rhetoric. We should complain of this the less, if it did not cover the lack of sincerity and fulness in dealing with the actual material of history. Mr. Stanley has no belief or comprehension, that the true lessons of history are to be found in the completest and fairest presenting of its actual results; and so he adjusts it to the popular mind in the shape of narrative composed "for purposes of edification." The very title of his book is curiously conventional and misleading. Why should the ideas we associate with the spiritual mission and the Church of Christ be obtruded on the petty factions and the tragical fortunes of the state of Israel? We enter in advance this plea of dissatisfaction with the general scope and method of this extremely pretentious book. But it is undeniable that it was written by a man of great wealth of scholarship, and of considerable fertility as well as liberality of mind. And, with much impatience and frequent protest, the reader finds often a genuine charm in the free flow of narrative, or his judgment is instructed by a piece of careful and original study. For examples of this latter, we mention the intellectual estimate of Solomon, considerably higher than that we have been accustomed to entertain; and the view which is presented, partly new to us, of the religious relations of Israel and Judah in the first years after the division of the kingdom. The general conception of the history, meanwhile, appears to us in the highest degree conventional, not to say untrue; while it is matter of serious blame, that Mr. Stanley has failed to make his work of value to scholars, by the thorough study which he was so well qualified to present of the real relations between the religion of Israel and the superstitions native to the soil, or the customs of outlying populations. That whole great field of research he does not so much disclaim as silently ignore.

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\* Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church. Part II. From Samuel to the Captivity. By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, Dean of Westminster. London: John Murray. 8vo. pp. 596.

THE American reprint of Mr. Orme's "Memoir,"\* supplemented as it is by the valuable notes and Appendix of the American editor, will, if it meets with the circulation which its merits deserve, do much towards enlightening the laity, as well as the less scholarly members of the clerical profession, upon a matter with regard to which they have hitherto been kept in ignorance. We say *kept* in ignorance, because most Trinitarian scholars, in this country at least, have apparently considered, and some of them frankly confessed, that it was for the interest of their theology to allow the genuineness of no part of the sacred record to be called in question, lest thereby the reverence of the people for the whole should be diminished! To those unacquainted with the work, which now for the first time appears in an American dress, we would say, that it is not written in the interest of any sect or body of Christians, but originated solely in a desire to purify the Sacred Writings from the corruptions to which they, in common with all ancient literature, have been exposed. The writer was a firm believer in the doctrine of the Trinity, of which the passage under discussion, if genuine, would be one of the strongest supports,—a circumstance which of itself sufficiently vouches for his impartiality, when we consider the conclusion at which he arrives; namely, that the passage is certainly spurious. And by far the greater number of those engaged in the controversy of which he is the historian were Trinitarians also; so that the book is really a collection of Trinitarian testimonies upon both sides of the question. Mr. Abbot's Appendix of twenty-five pages brings down the historical outline to the present time. No one who is acquainted with the previous labors of the editor in the various departments of Biblical criticism will need any other indorsement than his name as a voucher for the accuracy of the work in its present form. He has corrected a very large number of errors found in the English edition, and translated the extracts from foreign languages; thus making the book more intelligible to the unlearned reader.

WE have next, in the new version of Epictetus,† the work of a Roman slave who belonged to Epaphroditus, a freedman of Nero. It may

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\* Memoir of the Controversy respecting the Three Heavenly Witnesses (1 John v. 7); including Critical Notices of the Principal Writers on both Sides of the Discussion. By "Criticus" [Rev. WILLIAM ORME]. A new edition. With Notes and an Appendix by EZRA ABBOT. New York: James Miller. 12mo. pp. 218.

† The Works of Epictetus, consisting of his Discourses, in four books: The Enchiridion and Fragments, a translation from the Greek, based on that of Elizabeth Carter. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1865.

assist memory of dates to say, that this Epaphroditus may have received letters sometimes intended for Paul's friend of the same name, and wondered what people meant who said, "all the saints salute you." Here is the work of a slave of a freedman; and, like the work of a good many other slaves, it steadily crops out, again and again, as the centuries go on; and each generation of people, a little more wide awake than the fallen generations between, takes comfort in Epictetus. Whenever men have occasion to set their teeth, and "grin and bear it," they are glad to come back to the clear, clean, shrewd, firm utterances of this lame slave. In such times it is worth the while to talk to the man who said, when his leg was in the rack, "You will break my leg;" and, when the leg was broken, said, "I told you so." So we find Col. Higginson making notes in his Elizabeth Carter's "Epictetus," — as he "camps out" in Florida, — and he tells us with satisfaction that Toussaint made the book his favorite manual. It is good, sharp, ostrich-meat, very profitable for world or for man who have need to eat something besides puffs and jellies.

According to the accustomed canons of modern criticism, we have no right to speak of the book but as a new edition of a translation, which we are to suppose our readers well versed in, of a series of Philosophical Discourses which they have known for seventeen hundred and sixty-six years, or thereabouts. We should be limited by such canons as severely as a legislator is, sometimes, by the rigid application of the rules of the House. But it is so far possible that the cares of modern civilization, the pressure of the war, and the difficulty, indeed, of getting hold of a copy of "Epictetus" in the original or of Mrs. Carter's version in either edition, may have hindered this part of the education of some of our readers, that we shall disown the canons, so far as to make the most modest allusion to the philosophy so calmly stated here, as if we were addressing those who have not yet studied it.

Here, then, are four books of Discourses, grouped under nearly one hundred different subjects, which profess to be, and probably are, near transcripts of what Epictetus said, on as many different occasions, to those who received his instructions. Arrian, a senator and consul of Rome, an able military officer, is the expert Xenophon, — or, shall we say, Plato, — who writes them down. If we choose to be scholastic and to classify things, we say that they are the choicest fragments we have left of the Stoic school, as it existed in the first century. But, if we choose to give human individuality a little more play, we say that they are the work of a brave, cheerful, faithful man, who believed in God and in the Divine nature of man; and who, with infinite wit and

vivacity, adapted his teachings to the questions of those who talked to him, and to the condition of the times. He had an admirable reporter, and each of them, probably, — certainly, one of them, — had the master gift of brevity. The *Enchiridion*, or *Handbook*, is a more brief statement of the general views on which the *Discourses* are founded.

The *Discourses* and the *Enchiridion* are both thrown together as mere accident suggested. Arrian says, indeed, that he had no intention of publishing the reports, but that they went everywhere without his intending it. This is none the worse for us. They are as profitable reading as if they had been grouped along some string of philosophy so called; and it is not difficult to deduce the simple, genial principles, to which Epictetus steadily adheres, as one reads. Indeed wherever we meet so true and so shrewd a speculator as he is, who analyzes so faithfully whatever topic is brought before him, we are never left in real ignorance of his fundamental philosophy.

That God is and that God rules, that we are God's children and therefore brothers and sisters, that we must yield to God's will, even if we do not wish to, and that we had better forward his purposes bravely and like his children, — these are the fundamentals. That all things are worthless in comparison with our spiritual being and its eternal laws; that we ought to live by the laws of spirit, and condemn the appetites of matter; in especial, that we are bound to live kindly to all men, as to our brothers and sisters, because God is and we are living in his law, — these are leading corollaries. Epicureans, cynics, governors, actors, commissioners, place-hunters, and the whole tribe of men who made up the social order of the day, are tested by these principles and the rules which are drawn from them. The book indeed becomes, from the breadth of its applications, much more a book of ethics than of original speculative philosophy.

It suggests all along the question which all philosophizing of the sort suggests: "This is what I ought to do; how are you going to make me do it?" or "How shall I make myself do it?" "What stimulus will you apply to the will, after you have trained the judgment?" Epictetus was not unconscious himself, perhaps, of this difficulty. There are some speculations on the place of the affections, — which, by the theory, ought to be purely subordinate to the will, — which show that he sometimes guessed that it was just possible that the purest affection might rule the will, and rule it to advantage. But nowhere do we find that this guess rises to a sense of what the absolute love of God becomes in its supremacy over all human purpose.

The *Enchiridion*, being the double digested essence of the two

books, offers, perhaps, most passages for quotation and memory. But the conversational tone of the Discourses often gives them a quaintness and vivacity equal to some of the best conversations in Plato. The book, indeed, would be better judged of by extracts than by any attempt at analysis.

*From the Enchiridion.*

"As in a voyage, when the ship is at anchor, if you go on shore to get water, you may amuse yourself with picking up a shell-fish or a truffle in your way; but your thoughts ought to be bent towards the ship, and perpetually attentive, lest the captain should call; and then you must leave all these things, that you may not have to be carried on board the vessel, bound like a sheep. Thus likewise in life: if, instead of a truffle or a shell-fish, such a thing as a wife or child be granted you, there is no objection; but, if the captain calls, run to the ship, leave all these things, and never look behind. But if you are old, never go far from the ship; lest you should be missing when called for."

"Remember that you are an actor in a drama of such sort as the author chooses. If short, then it is a short one; if long, then in a long one. If it be his pleasure that you should act a poor man, see that you act it well, or a cripple, or a ruler, or a private citizen. For this is your business, to act well the given part; but to choose it belongs to another."

Colonel Higginson is almost too modest in calling his book simply a translation based on that of Elizabeth Carter. In most of the passages where we have compared them, he has rendered to her version the material service of rendering it easily intelligible to the reader who has not the Greek at hand. Her version is very Greek English. She did understand the text; but she had lost the easy and graceful use of her own language. Colonel Higginson is always easily intelligible. He has also, with good discretion, omitted most of her namby-pamby notes, and reserved those only which lighted up the text.

#### HISTORY AND POLITICS.

AFTER a twelvemonth's interval, Messrs. Walker, Fuller, & Co. have continued, with two more volumes, their translation of M. Martin's noble work, which is thus brought to an appropriate close at the creation of the National Assembly, in 1789.\* The story is told with the intelligence and honesty which are characteristic of its author; but this can hardly disguise the dreariness of the subject. Seldom, perhaps

\* Martin's "History of France." The Decline of the French Monarchy. By HENRI MARTIN. Translated from the fourth Paris edition, by Mary L. Booth. 2 vols. Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co.

never in modern times, has a great nation been brought so low, by the depravity of its rulers and the apathy of its people, as was the French nation in the eighteenth century. Other nations have spent treasure and blood under the government of ambitious prostitutes ; other cabinets have persecuted Protestant Christians with fire and the sword, while their own political, social, and moral existence was a perpetual scoff at religion and at God ; other kings have set their court and people an example of the most shameless and unbridled lust : but no nation, since the fall of the Roman Empire, has ever borne, through the better part of a century, a government of such unmitigated nastiness as the French people silently submitted to during the last seventy years of the old monarchy. One hardly knows which to wonder at most, the king or the people. But the people are always long-suffering and patient under misrule ; and the earthquake, when at last it comes, is violent in proportion to its long repression.

M. Martin, who has all a Frenchman's pride in the achievements and the fame of Louis XIV., with much of a Frenchman's blindness to the detestable meanness of his character, feels pretty keenly the national humiliation, while describing the successive and rapid steps by which, under his feebler successors, his inheritance of "glory" was squandered, and the French monarchy made a spectacle of shame for gods and men. His sensitiveness does him honor, even if it makes his history less circumstantial and detailed than those of other writers who have preceded and followed him in the same field ; and whose national humiliation, if they felt any, was not profound enough to outweigh their desire for piquancy. The open profligacy of the Regency, for example, was no unwelcome topic to M. Michelet, but has furnished him, on the contrary, with some of his most felicitous passages ; and, when he issues his next volume, we may look for some new chapters in the lives of Madame de Pompadour and the Countess du Barry. M. Martin dismisses these eminent personages with a half-dozen contemptuous and reluctant sentences, and hurries on to something more savory. The external history of the kingdom, especially in its relation to foreign affairs, is also narrated very concisely ; and the author, with a natural feeling of relief, permits himself to occupy a pretty large proportion of his volumes in discussing the intellectual movements whose vivacity was the one redeeming feature in an age when every thing seemed hastening to a disgraceful end.

M. Martin's characterizations of the century are in general extremely interesting and valuable, though sometimes marred by a certain turgid

and exaggerated style of eulogy, which is perhaps pardonable on the ground that his national pride is subjected, in the other parts of the history, to so severe a mortification. The account of the astounding career of Law and of the System, in the first volume, is perhaps the best we have met with. The history of the heroic efforts of Turgot to stay the all-engulfing flood of financial corruption and bankruptcy which had brought the nation to the verge of ruin, is also extremely well told. Too much praise is given, we think, to the philosophers and the Encyclopedists, whose claim to admiration rests, as Carlyle well says, on what they pulled down, and not on what they built up. Especially in his long and most elaborate account of Rousseau, he seems to us to have quite overshot the mark of justice and good sense. Rousseau was a brilliant sentimentalist, with a turn for rhetoric, and an itch for applause which kept him for ever posturing before the public, and parading his sentiments and his affections, his virtues and his vices, to its gaze. M. Martin takes him at his own valuation, which is an extravagant one, and presents him to us "agitated by a smothered fermentation, his mind floating in a chaos of germs and rays which demanded life." When he read the proposal of the Dijon Academy for a prize essay, "a flash of light illumined his brain; a whole world of ideas overflowed, and assailed him with such impetuosity that he fell at the foot of a tree in a kind of trance. He lived an age in an hour." This was at the beginning of his literary career. The *Nouvelle Héloïse* "proceeded from a crisis of tenderness; the intoxication of virtue, kindled in his brain, had passed into his heart," &c., &c. What surprising nonsense to write of a man who had been for fifteen years peopling the *Enfants Trouvés* with his own children!

Of Voltaire and the philosophers, also, though less extravagant in his praises, M. Martin is, we think, a little too liberal. Carlyle's estimate is juster: "Considering the then position of affairs, it is not singular that the age of Louis XV. should have been what it was,—an age without nobleness, without high virtue, or high manifestations of talent; an age of shallow clearness, of polish, self-conceit, scepticism, and all forms of *persiflage*. As little does it seem surprising or peculiarly blamable, that Voltaire, the leading man of that age, should have partaken largely of all its qualities. We may consider him as having opened the way to future inquiries of a truer spirit; but, for his own part, the good he achieved is still, in these times, found mixed with an alarming proportion of evil, from which indeed men rationally doubt whether it will in any time be separable." — *Miscellanies*, vol. ii.

The work of the translator, in these volumes, has, we are glad to say, sensibly improved. There is still a too literal rendering of idiomatic passages, and a too constant reference to the dictionary, of which the result is necessarily a somewhat rigid and ungraceful English style: these defects are, however, much less noticeable than in the earlier volumes. There are also occasional instances of mistranslation, which should be corrected before a second edition is printed. *Le bien*, for instance, does not mean *goodness*, but good, as opposed to *le mal*, evil; and if the stout old grenadier who cried out, at seeing his comrades beaten with the flat of the sword, *Je n'aime de l'épée que le tranchant*, could have read the translation,—“I love nothing of the sword but the *blade*,”—he would have been astonished at the popularity of his speech. Also, is it possible that the translator has never heard of such a thing as a “Liberty-tree,” that, in putting into English M. Martin’s enthusiastic description of the part which Boston took in the revolution, she talks so stiffly of the *Tree of Liberty*? Let Miss Booth but give a little more care to her important work, and let the publishers be content to give it the benefit of a month or two of extra time, and we shall find in the continuation of this excellent history no occasion to repeat these ungracious criticisms.

We confess, however, to an unpleasant surprise at the tone in which Mr. Dawson’s Appendix is for the most part written, and at the willingness of the publishers to avail themselves of assistance which is rendered in so objectionable a spirit. The sole object of the Appendix seems to be to establish the claim of New York to the fame of having led the colonies in their resistance to the tyranny of Great Britain; and, out of its ten divisions, four are ill-natured denials of M. Martin’s statements in regard to the spirit and the acts of Massachusetts and Boston. “It was not the policy of Massachusetts, at any time,” says Mr. Dawson, “to defend the constitutional rights of any people but her own.” And again: “Like many other features of the revolutionary struggle, the ‘first blood shed’ has been unwarrantably distorted by many of our writers and book-makers, evidently for the promotion of the extraordinary but systematic pretensions of Massachusetts to priority in the cause of the republic, and to superior importance in the family of States.” Verily, we think that Mr. Dawson might creditably enough have imitated the modesty of Mr. Bancroft, who withheld his promised annotations “from the after-consideration that it would be presumptuous to annotate M. Martin’s *chef-d’œuvre*.” C. A. C.

IF anybody, after the events of the last few years, still remembers James Buchanan with any contingent remainder of scorn and contempt which he is anxious to pour out upon that aged, but, alas! not very venerable head, he has now his opportunity and his text given him at once in the book which the ex-president has lately sent forth.\* Mr. Buchanan was once a lawyer; and he might properly enough have called his book a motion in arrest of judgment, were it not somewhat late for such a motion when the judgment has been duly announced and recorded, and the sentence, partially at least, carried into effect. But it is now quite plain, that, when he left the White House, it was not with a very perfect conviction that his administration had been a glorious one in any regard: nay, it even seems very clear that the obloquy with which his wretched and cowardly policy was swiftly overtaken, has rested heavily even upon his cold and unsensitive nature; has made him restless and uneasy through all the crowded years that have been silently covering up his ignominy from the memories of men, until now, when the new nation has come forth from the struggle for life into which the villany of such men as he and his principals betrayed it, he, with incredible fatuity, deliberately invites his countrymen and the world at large to consider and admire the enlightened, ardent, and inflexible patriotism which has guided his political career. This is our Bourbon! the very type and idealization of a democratic politician. He has learned nothing, he has forgotten nothing: but still, with mild indignation, inveighs against the "abolition fanatics" and "the madness of the hour;" still, with a modest pride, exhibits his long-continued efforts in behalf of slavery and slaveholders; still declares that the act of 19th June, 1862, abolishing slavery in the territories, is null and void, because it opposes the Dred Scott decision; still alludes to the breaking-up of the Democratic Convention at Charleston as a "sad event," a "disaster;" and is persuaded, that, if the New-York delegation had gone for the majority report on the resolutions, it would "probably have terminated the controversy between the North and the South."

Mr. Buchanan is the most amazing of fossils. It would perhaps be too much to say that he has absolutely no heart; but we are convinced that such as he has beats solely for the Democratic party. For that he has lived, with that he has died. It does not appear that he

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\* Mr. Buchanan's *Administration on the Eve of the Rebellion*. New York: Appleton. 1865.

has heard of its decease. But the wounds which tore it so cruelly at Charleston and Baltimore pierced his heart as well. For him, the Democratic party *was* the country, as Louis XIV. was France; and if he should, through the imprudence of his friends, become aware of the death of the former, he would never from that moment have any further faith in the existence of the latter. He reminds us of nothing so much as of Hawthorne's picture of the old inspector in the custom-house at Salem, whose emotions still answered promptly and tenderly to the memories of the dinners he had eaten in his youth, while the loss of his three wives and twenty children, and all the various experience of his public and private life, "had gone over him with as little effect as the passing breeze." Thus, throughout this book, no language is pathetic enough to express Mr. Buchanan's regrets for the sorrows and humiliations of the Democratic party, while of the tremendous tragedy of the war,—its victories, its sacrifices, its heroes, its martyrs, and its wonderful and glorious results,—there is, from beginning to end, literally not one word.

As far as the book is a defence of Mr. Buchanan's administration, it amounts to nothing. None but the weakest of men will reverse his judgment on any man or any measure on account of it. A weekly paper of New York, of some pretension, does indeed avow that its opinion of its author has changed for the better since reading it; but it is difficult to see on what grounds, unless it be that others were as bad as he. It was indeed a time fearful to live in, and shameful to look back upon. Every thing seemed crumbling beneath us; and though there was doubtless some palliation for the dreadful apathy which had possession of the people and of Congress hardly less than of the President and his Cabinet, still one cannot now review the record of that awful session between the election and the inauguration, without a wish that it might be blotted out of existence. Where were the words that should have answered the vulgar and insolent traitors who stood in their places in Congress, and, with clenched fists and scowling brows, hiccupped forth their drunken threats and their abuse upon the assemblies they were leaving? They were not spoken. But the Northern members sat calmly writing out schemes for conciliation, and debating Crittenden's compromises in committee-meetings with the wretches who, day after day, with every form of taunt and insult, were proclaiming the Union dissolved, and defying us to help ourselves.

But, if Congress thus neglected to assert its own dignity even when

most violently assailed, it did, thank God, refuse flatly to agree to any material concession of principle. So when the abject President sent his special message of the 8th January to Congress, urging them to lose no time in bringing forward the amendment to the Constitution which he had suggested in his annual message a month earlier, establishing slavery in the territories, and crying in piteous tones, "The present is no time for palliatives; action, prompt action, is required!" Congress did not act, did not bend; and the poor old man complains that his "earnest recommendation was totally disregarded."

Mr. Buchanan revives our curiosity upon two points: first, the neglect of Congress to pass an act enabling and instructing the President to recover the forts, and other public property which had been seized in Charleston and elsewhere; and, secondly, the neglect of the War Department to reinforce and supply Fort Sumter, after the affair of the "Star of the West." On this latter point, he gives us some information which, we believe, has not been before made public. The facts are given in a letter of Hon. Joseph Holt, Secretary of War to President Lincoln on the day after his first inauguration. The "Star of the West" was fired upon January 9th. Three days before, Major Anderson had written to the Department, "My position will enable me to hold this fort against any force which can be brought against me." On the 16th January, the Secretary of War replied to this statement, "Whenever, in your judgment, additional supplies or reinforcements are necessary for your safety, or for a successful defence of the fort, you will at once communicate the fact to this Department, and a prompt and vigorous effort will be made to forward them." On the 30th January, Major Anderson writes, "I do hope that no attempt will be made by our friends to throw supplies in: their doing so, would do more harm than good." On the 5th of February, he refers to the batteries with which the rebels are surrounding him, and says, "Even in their present condition, they will make it impossible for any hostile force, other than a large and well-appointed one, to enter this harbor; and the chances are that it will be at great sacrifice of life." And, before the end of the month, his estimate of their "condition" had so much improved that he wrote a despatch to the Department, which was read by Mr. Holt to the President and Cabinet on the morning of the 4th March, saying that "he would not be willing to risk his reputation on an attempt to throw reinforcements into Charleston Harbor, and with a view of holding possession of the

same, with a force of less than twenty thousand good and well-disciplined men. It is no wonder that Mr. Holt closed his communication to the President, reciting these facts with the statement that such a declaration "takes the Department by surprise;" and we must confess, that, to our eyes, these facts, taken with the astonishing proposal of Major Anderson, in reply to the demand of Governor Pickens for the surrender of the fort, to refer the question to the authorities at Washington for decision (a proposal at which even Mr. Buchanan expresses surprise), appear extremely damaging to Major Anderson's reputation as a loyal soldier. We hope, if they admit of explanation, he will not refuse to clear up the mystery.

But Major Anderson's is not the only character which is damaged by the ex-president's disclosures. The liveliest emotion which survives, in Mr. Buchanan's bosom, the extinction of the Democratic party, is undoubtedly hatred of General Scott. Mr. Randolph would, it is said, walk a mile out of his way to kick a sheep; and Mr. Buchanan would, we are sure, walk farther to puncture the bubble of General Scott's reputation. We are not quite sure whether he has yet succeeded; but he has, at any rate, made several very well-meant attempts. He reprints the "Views" of the lieutenant-general, which is itself about as unkind a thing as an enemy could well do: but, not content with that, he convicts him by pretty good evidence of what he calls respectively "strange forgetfulness" and "deplorable want of memory" on two somewhat important points: one being his approval of the joint note from the War and Naval Departments to the commanders at Fort Pickens, which Scott says he never saw, but which Mr. Holt says he submitted to Scott, who "expressed his entire approval of it;" and the other, the removal of cannon to the Southern forts on an order from Floyd, upon which the conviction is somewhat less clear.

We shall not speak farther of this book, which is nevertheless a remarkable one in many respects. It is satisfactory to know, as a new element in the calculation of the comparative efficacy of faith and works, that "the author never doubted the successful event of the war, even in its most gloomy periods; but felt an abiding conviction that the American people would never suffer the great charter of their liberties to be destroyed."

C. A. C.

ANY book which professes to indicate the origin of the human race, or throw any light upon the connection of man with nature, is sure now to be eagerly welcomed. No theological anathemas can prevent the investigation of anthropological questions. While the bishops of the American Episcopal sect solemnly express their horror at the dreadful arithmetic of Colenso, one of their own number goes up and down through the land announcing, in captivating phrase, views concerning the "human machine" which are quite other than those of the Biblical Genesis. It is too late now to urge upon men the perfectness of paradise, or of the primitive Adam. Science tells us in too many ways, that the world is a better world than in the day of its beginning, and that civilized man is a finer animal than the first savage man. Geology, ethnology, and philology are superseding Biblical criticism—or what formerly passed for biblical criticism—as the proper guides to orthodoxy, and tests of wisdom in the things which God has made. Every year it becomes less important to harmonize by special pleading the letter of the Hebrew Scriptures with the solid facts of investigation and discovery; and already such a work as that of the learned Tayler Lewis, showing that the "day" of the Genesis, in its proper Hebrew meaning, is not one of our solar days, but a period of indefinite length,—already this learned work has become superfluous, a curious monument of needless ingenuity.

Yet the origin of man is not ascertained; and science has only disproved the Biblical account, but has not given us any sure word upon the place where, the time when, or the way in which, this human variety of organic life was separated from the lower forms, and took special being on the earth. It has not told us beyond dispute whether there were many races of men in the beginning, or only one race, the progenitors of all the rest; whether the tribes of the New World were natives on the soil, or the offspring of one or many migrations. The language of the Algonquins, the civilization of the Incas, the names of the lake-dwellers in Switzerland, all the antiquarian problems which travellers and geologists have started concerning ancient races of men, yet remain unsolved. More than twenty years have passed since that erudite theorist, George Jones, M.R.S.L., F.S.V., dedicated to the Archbishop of Canterbury a stout octavo, proving that the Lost Tribes of Israel were the Indians of America; but, though his hypothesis has been freely ridiculed, it has not been fairly disproved. No man can say how the Flatheads of Oregon are related to the Mongols of Tartary, how Arabs are related to Malays,

and how the negroes of Guinea are related to the giants of Patagonia. Nearly every question of anthropology yet remains open, whether it is of the physical structure or the mental characteristics of man,—his connection with apes, or his connection with soil, or his connection with latitude and sky. Professor Huxley and Professor Owen are not more successful in telling beyond a doubt the past of man, and in describing his original abode, than Dr. Cumming is in telling man's future, and showing forth his final and glorious home.

The latest attempts which have come to our hand in the solution of this prehistoric human problem are in the works of Dr. Wilson of Toronto, and Mr. John Lubbock of the Royal Society of London.\* The original work of Dr. Wilson was published three or four years ago; but the edition of the last year is improved and enlarged from the previous edition. It is a ponderous book, and might be condensed with profit. Some of the matter is irrelevant; some of it is uninteresting; and the style of the writer is redundant in words, and in large words too. Making due allowance for this redundancy, the book is valuable as a storehouse of striking and curious facts, especially concerning the races of the American continent. Dr. Wilson has studied the Indian character and the Indian history from the living and dead specimens, from the relics of mounds, from the sounds of syllables, and from the shape of skulls. What he has to say about tools and canoes, metals and alloys, the mounds and the potteries and the buildings of the Indian races, is more satisfactory than his speculations upon the origin of speech or the meaning of rock inscriptions. Max Müller will certainly not be converted by Dr. Wilson's defence of the "Bow-wow" theory; and we are as unwilling to receive his opinion of the famous legend on the Dighton Rock, as to accept the slighter verdict of Palfrey's History. If the Danish antiquaries have not made out a good case for Thorfinn and his shipmates, still less has Dr. Wilson showed us reason for these intelligent Indian scratches. He has not explained the riddle of the Runic rocks on the American coast, nor is his theory self-consistent. It is difficult, too, from the summing-up of the volumes, to ascertain what the

\* *Prehistoric Men. Researches into the Origin of Civilization in the Old and the New Worlds.* By DANIEL WILSON, LL.D. London, 1865. 8vo. pp. xxvi. 635.

*Prehistoric Times, as illustrated by Ancient Remains, and the Manners and Customs of Modern Savages.* By JOHN LUBBOCK, F.R.S. London, 1865. 8vo. pp. xxii. 512.

author thinks about the Indians,—whether they were created here or came from an earlier Asiatic home.

Mr. Lubbock's book is much more scientific in method, and more simple and concise in style, than the work of Dr. Wilson. It is a most able, clear, and impartial statement of the facts thus far discovered of life in the unrecorded times of human existence. The "four ages" which have left their memorials, but not their annals,—the Drift, Stone, Bronze, and Iron ages,—are treated in succession; and we learn just what is known about these. Then we have an exhibition of the contents and purposes of the *Tumuli*; an admirable account of the Lake Cities of Switzerland; of the Danish Shell mounds, or Kitchen Heaps; of the mounds in North America, castral, sepulchral, and sacrificial. If the "cave men" are not so thoroughly discussed as the mound men, it is because the facts about them are not so numerous or so veracious. Mr. Lubbock does not care to theorize on uncertain data. He wants ample premises for his reasoning, and goes no farther than his references warrant him in going. His book is a genuine contribution to science, as it arranges in systematic form what many special works have discussed, and brings all to the proof of the general thesis, that man is far older on this planet than has usually been believed, and that his beginnings here were of the humblest. Mr. Lubbock's book is a history of the *progress* of man, as well as an indication of his origin,—of his progress in ages when books were unknown, and the arts were rude and few. We know comparatively not much about man in the prehistoric ages; but positively we know a great deal about him in these ages. Such books as this of Mr. Lubbock show us a knowledge as trustworthy, and on the whole nearly as full, as that of the legendary tales of what is called "history," whether profane or sacred.

C. H. B.

#### GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

THE Special Commissioner of the United States to the West Coast of America and the Hawaiian Islands was determined to write a book which should be noticed, if not read.\* Boiling over with hatred of antislavery and of Protestant missions, he has omitted no opportunity of attacking them both, through a huge volume of voyage and travel. Touching at and describing Panama, Callao, Lima, Valparaiso, San-

\* *What I Saw on the West Coast of South and North America.* By H. W. BAXLEY, M.D. Appletons. 1865.

tiago, Tonio, Conception, Guayaquil, San Francisco, Honolulu, and many smaller places, he could not fail to give a vast amount of valuable information: for all which the commercial public will be abundantly grateful,—still more, if a suitable map had been provided. Yet the book is doubly spoiled. It is written, as our few extracts will show, in so vicious a style, that the meaning of many a sentence is involved in difficulty: different topics are huddled together in the same paragraph, so that the reader must go back again and again to catch the writer's meaning. But the grand blot is his intense horror of negro emancipation, and equally savage spite at Puritan propagandism.

At page 384 he enters into an elaborate argument from history, to prove the necessary degradation of the negro; and, in speaking of the practical inferiority of the laborer in Chili, he breaks forth into this curious specimen of English run mad:—

“But the boastful pretence of free institutions, and the hypocritical show of hatred of the condition of slavery, which will not allow even the semblance of it presented by a temporary coolie apprenticeship, is, under the circumstances of actual social and political condition, deserving of a share in the reprehension due to the high priests of anti-slavery elsewhere; who, for the liberation of the negro from a condition of servitude sanctioned by the law and the prophets, by Christ and the apostles, by the example of all nations, and the constitutional compacts of their own land, would glory in a carnival of the flaming torch and bloody hand; in the midnight murder of men and women of their own race, and the worse than murder of virgin purity; in the assassination of the feeble and unresisting decrepitude already tottering on the verge of the grave, and helpless infancy just come to breathe new love into human hearts.” Then he proceeds to charge upon the “propagandists of freedom” the national injustice to the aborigines; distinctly stating, what he ought to have known to be false, that they “applauded the executive decree of death against hundreds of the unresisting children of the forest.”

His intense bitterness on these two topics blinds him to the real cause of the degradation of South America. Even when in speaking of Guayaquil, he thus stumbles upon the rock of offence: “There is one college, in little more than nominal existence, and one public school, with forty pupils; while one hundred priests, in seven churches, solemnize daily masses without an inculcation of good-will and charity to Protestant Christians beyond the concession of burial when

dead." And everywhere he shows that these Catholic representatives of Christianity lead an abandoned life, profane the religion they profess, and subvert social morality.

The closing chapters, upon the Hawaiian Islands, are so utterly unjust, that, if the United States Commissioner has any conscience, he will come forward, and confess his entire misrepresentation. It is not true that the Protestant missionaries pretend to have prompted the first abandonment of idolatry there ; it is not true that they have not faithfully striven to arrest the prevailing licentiousness ; it is not true that their appeal for funds is now based upon the wants of the Sandwich Islanders. Dr. Baxley evidently yielded himself up to prejudiced statements of the enemies of our missionaries, and never condescended to hear the other side, which he has consequently condemned beyond measure, and vilified beyond pardon.

A VOLUME of four hundred pages on a mere port of transshipment\* is a triumph in bookmaking which would have done credit to a more practised hand than the British Vice-consul's at Panama : but, by taking whole pages from Prescott and others upon the history of the place ; by repeating, in various forms, his speculations upon the management of the Isthmus railway ; by indulging himself in constant digressions, and relating the most trivial incidents at length, — Mr. Bidwell has manufactured a book so large that none can speak lightly of it, but so empty that none will remember having read it. His exceeding good-nature, his satisfaction with every thing and everybody, his easy flow of pleasant gossip, will make it popular among friends and relatives. He shows, however, that the English anxiety about the Panama railroad is quite unreasonable ; that the road is fairly conducted, half of the stockholders being Englishmen ; that the native government has the right of purchasing it for national property after a term of years, at a little more than half its original cost ; and that, in case of war with the United States, any other track across the Isthmus would have to be defended by British fleets or forts. The present road is  $47\frac{1}{2}$  miles in length, occupied five years in building, and cost nearly eight millions of dollars and thousands of lives. Instead of decaying, as was prophesied, it becomes every year more solid, pays generously, and has a large freight as well as passenger business. Considering the danger of the climate and the distance

\* The Isthmus of Panama. By CHARLES TOLL BIDWELL, British Vice-consul at Panama. London: Chapman & Hall. 1865.

from any of the centres of commerce, our citizens have reason to be proud of this great improvement; not only for the enterprise with which it was executed, but for the liberality with which it has been conducted hitherto. In speaking of the pearl-fishery on that coast, Mr. Bidwell states that the pearl is not produced by disease, as is popularly said, but that, wherever the shell is pierced through by some insect, the animal heaps up in the perforated spot calcareous matter, which transpires through its own skin; and, if the borers have penetrated into the interior through two places, there will be two or more pearls. But everywhere the labor of procuring these articles of luxury is alike severe and perilous.

THE British plenipotentiary at Brazil, in defending himself and his government, does not give a flattering picture of the country to which he was accredited.\* The substantial facts are, that, of a population exceeding seven millions, nearly half are slaves; and that this oppressed class is increased continually by importation, in spite of the proscription of the slave-trade by the Brazilian Government; that a million of the blacks are the *emancipados*, illegally held in bondage under various pretexts, subjected to multiplied hardships, and, contrary to what the world is made to believe, torn ruthlessly from family ties. Through the repeated demands of the English cabinet, about four hundred have been set free; but at least ten thousand are denied their acknowledged rights, and put beyond the power of obtaining wages for severe toil on cotton or coffee plantations. Of course, Mr. Christie's small work gives only one side of a vexed question; but it is the side sustained by a series of Government despatches, adopted by the British parliament, and made probable by the fact that able-bodied slaves bring about a thousand dollars in market, are greatly needed as field-laborers, and prove an exceedingly profitable investment. Even if the Brazilian Government is sincere in desiring emancipation, its efforts are paralyzed by corrupt officials, thwarted by the opinion of a large party that slavery is identified with the prosperity of the country, and disgraced by professions of doing what does not seem to be so much as attempted. Mr. Christie states from the observation of three years, that the coasting slave-traffic still flourishes; that parents are permanently separated from their children, and

\* Notes on Brazilian Questions. By W. D. CHRISTIE, H. M. Envoy Extraordinary in Brazil. London and Cambridge: Macmillan. 1865.

husbands from their wives ; and that hardly a voice is raised in the national legislature against the barbarism.

The British envoy would have better served his cause by a better book. No one will be attracted by his narrative ; his leading statements are not easily found ; many interesting facts are, for some reason, suppressed ; and no attempt is made at giving general information regarding a country destined soon to undergo a social revolution.

A GENUINE book of adventurous travel, with a high purpose to consecrate hardship, animate effort, and reward discovery like "The Northwest Passage by Land,"\* is refreshing by its rareness. The purpose of Lord Fitzwilliam and Dr. Cheadle being to explore a route across our continent, several degrees north of the United States, through territory portions of which no human foot had ever trod, they could not expect to avoid peril, hardship, and suffering. Besides the fearful exposure of losing the trail, once they were in danger of assassination by the Sioux ; once they were nearly surrounded by fire in the woods ; several times they were all but drowned in the swollen streams ; some of their horses they were compelled to kill for food ; and, at the gloomiest point of all, they discovered a headless Indian sitting erect in his blanket, the victim of that starvation which was paralyzing their own energies. Even their Assiniboin guide gave up in despair, as they found themselves encompassed by an impassable forest, with a river that would not tolerate even a raft, and mountains that gave apparently no opening for escape. Still, the Indian, ashamed of deserting men who would not desert themselves, proved their deliverer ; his equally brave wife deserving hardly a less measure of gratitude. After losing most of their valuables, especially their letters of credit, in the strange river, and being obliged to cut their way through the untrodden forest with one small axe, the absence of any trail, the density of the woods, and the feebleness of their exhausted company, induced them to turn directly south from "Tête Jeune Cache," on the Fraser river, instead of striking due west to the Cariboo mines. This diversion from their true course brought them through every kind of hardship and peril to Fort Kawloops ; whence they soon reached Victoria, on the Pacific, and received a warm welcome from the British officials there. The

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\* The Northwest Passage by Land, being the Narrative of an Expedition from the Atlantic to the Pacific. By VISCOUNT MILTON and W. B. CHEADLE, M.D. London : Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

friends seem to have written their deeply interesting narrative in partnership ; no difference of style can be detected from first to last ; the Viscount and the physician are mentioned alike in the third person ; and there is no intimation that either traveller is more daring, generous, or humane than his friend. Excellent maps and numerous sketches illustrate the volume.

THE "July Holiday" which Mr. White spent on foot in Central Europe,\* has but recently found its way across the water ; still the lively pictures which his practised pen draws of Saxony, Bohemia, and Silesia, are as good as new. A foot-journey through regions easily accessible from London, and yet seldom visited, drawing lightly upon the purse, but delightfully invigorating the frame, familiarizing the traveller with rich mountain scenery and a happy though impoverished peasantry, makes a charming book for holiday reading, as it proved charming to the good-natured pedestrian. It is not a little amusing, however, to find a lengthy description of the synagogue-worship, which any one can see close at home, as if it were something exceedingly curious, and generally unknown. So, too, the same process of glass-cutting, which can be seen in any great glass-factory here or in England, is described as peculiar to Bohemia, where it originated, and whence it has passed with the emigration of skilled artisans into all parts of the civilized world.

Mr. White's visit to Herrnhut, the parent settlement of the Moravians, gives us several pleasant chapters descriptive of their domestic economy, their well-known experience, and touching religious services. He states that Herrnhut is not increasing, because its trades do not flourish ; that its population has even diminished of late ; and that it bears the appearance of an ancient, thoroughly finished place,—so still that it seemed to him unnatural, yet not joyless after a Christian way. Its roads are excellent, its buildings in capital repair, its appearance city-like, because built of brick. Though its schools are excellent, the higher class of pupils is sent to Nisky, a village built by Bohemian refugees ; theological students, to the seminary in Gnadenfeld ; and future missionaries, to Klein Welke, a village near Budissin. There are fifty-seven Moravian settlements in different parts of Europe, and eleven in England, besides seventy foreign mission stations. The number of real members at the last enumeration

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\* *A July Holiday in Saxony, Bohemia, and Silesia.* By WALTER WHITE. London. 1857.

was eighteen thousand ; and that of persons belonging to the several missions, seventy thousand : but all these numbers fall a little below the present reckoning.

THOUGH Mr. Hepworth Dixon adds nothing whatever to the knowledge we already possess of Palestine, nay, may be rather said to diminish it by the inaccuracy of his details, he has written an exceedingly agreeable and justly popular book.\* His preface disarms criticism. He does not pretend to any claims as an original explorer, a biblical scholar, or a geographical authority ; but only trusts to the public the wayside jottings which have pleased his English friends. His plan, though not novel, is exceedingly faulty. Apparently weary of the brilliant style of narrative, entirely out of keeping with so sombre a journey, he by and by incorporates a modernized Gospel narrative into his story, so that the events of eighteen hundred years ago are freshly passing to-day ; and the Master is now seeking his night's rest at Bethany, and now crossing the Jordan for shelter from his gathering foes. With Mr. Dixon's eminent facilities of style, with no little earnestness and general good taste, this last book on the Holy Land is one of the best. But it is not a work for which biblical students can feel much gratitude ; nor is it of a class to be safely imitated by persons of less culture, learning, and ability. A great many epigrammatic sentences occur, and several topics are treated with intense vividness ; but the conjectures are often rash, and frequently unfortunate. In the conversation with the woman at the well, he is certain that, before the words "our fathers worshipped in this mountain," part of the dialogue is lost. But no words can be inserted here which would not diminish the piquancy of one of the most wonderful interviews ever related. He says that "Jesus carried with him his mother and his brethren, who could no longer dwell in peace at Nazareth," — an entirely gratuitous and very improbable addition to the narrative ; in face, too, of the well-known tradition of his brethren's hostility. Capernaum, he confidently fixes at Tell Hum, and describes it minutely as a Gazetteer would Lowell : "It was a busy, bright little town ; a station on the great road ; a garrison for Roman troops ; a port for collecting dues by land and lake ; a place of tanners, dyers, soap-boilers ; a market

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\* *The Holy Land.* By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON. 2 vols. London : Chapman & Hall. 1865.

for oilmen, shepherds, cheesemongers, and fruit-growers. Being the first town on the lake as you ride in from Damascus, it was the port at which any one coming that way would embark for cities lying South and East on the shore." Bethsaida, we believe, occupied this position: of course Mr. Dixon's description is generally at fault.

"For twenty years," he says, "while toiling in his useful craft, Jesus had been at every man's beck and call, to make and to mend, ready with his axe and line to repair the sheliach's lintel and the chazzan's roof." A similar statement occurs in another part of the work. Such things are painful instead of pleasurable, and are justly chargeable with being wise beyond the record.

One testimony of respect to English Protestantism, given by a Turkish bey at Jerusalem, is worth repeating: "You English are not Nazarenes. If you meet a bishop, you do not dismount. If you pass Greek or Latin priest, you do not sign the cross. You never bow before idols. When you are at prayer, you neither screech, foam, nor bump your head against the wall. When you walk into the great Sepulchre, you do not kiss the stone; you neither light a candle, tear your hair, nor begin to fight. When I go up to your grand house on Mount Zion, I see a mosque. You build no minaret; for every Englishman carries his muezzin in his pocket to tell the time of prayer. Your priest does not shave his beard nor wear a gown: he is a mollah; and your people pray like the Moslem."

TWENTY years ago, Russia was almost as much a *terra incognita* as the wildest region of British America. Now it has become more familiar in books of travel than many of the most civilized lands. The route from Petersburg to Moscow, from Moscow to Odessa and the Crimea, is as well marked to the imagination as the route from Florence to Rome, or from London to Paris. The manners and customs of the people; their fairs; their local attachments; their superstitions; their love of tea; their invincible ignorance; their methods of work; their lack of comforts; the style of their houses; their implements, their farming, and their prayers,—all are as well understood as the customs and style of an English town. Even Russian history has come into line with other histories; and the college student associates Rurik and Wladimer and Ivan with Constantine and Charlemagne and William the Conqueror,—associates the patriarch Nikon with the Gregories and Benedicts of the Western Church. This now common tale of Russian history and life has been told again

admirably well by Mr. Henry Arthur Tilley,\* from the recollection of his observations and journeyings. He is not a blind admirer of the Russians, but he makes them interesting. He does not believe that the Muscovite and the Cossack are to be civilized in one generation, or that the political changes of the last few years will transform a half-servile race at once into Germans or Frenchmen. He shows the doubtful side of Alexander's experiment along with its hopeful side. Yet he firmly believes in the final success of this great measure of righteousness, and sees in the future a magnificent destiny for this once-degraded Slavic race. He treats the Polish question with candor, and makes the issue more intelligible than it has been made by most writers who have attempted to solve that vexatious riddle. As the truth about Poland and its people is more fairly stated, the Western nations are discovering how much sympathy they have wasted upon a turbulent, priest-ridden, and fanatical people, whose spirit and habits alike require them to be ruled by a strong hand. In spite of the seeming despotism of the Czar in this land of Catholic traditions, no intelligent observer can doubt that Poland has a better chance, as part of the great Russian Empire, than it could have in the perpetual anarchy of intriguing nobles and Jesuits.

Mr. Tilley's sketches of Greece and the recent Greek revolution, of which he was an eye-witness, are also very graphic and sensible. His judgment of the Greek character is precisely that to which every candid observer of that bright, but frivolous and untrustworthy race, must come. The Philhellenic passion is amiable and inspiring; but it has very little justification in the facts of modern Greek history. It is idle to expect that George of Denmark or Alfred of England can do any more than Otho of Bavaria to restore in Athens the age of Pericles. The disease of Hellas is incurable.

The least satisfactory chapter in Mr. Tilley's book is the closing chapter, in which he pretends to tell of the Lebanon sects and the recent massacres. Here he makes several mistakes concerning the origin of the Maronites, the faith of the Druses, and the name of Damascus. He understands the Sclavonic better than the Arabic tongue.

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\* *Eastern Europe and Western Asia. Political and Social Sketches on Russia, Greece, and Syria, in 1861-2-3.* By HENRY ARTHUR TILLEY. London: Longmans. 1864. 12mo. pp. 374.

IN a review (given some time back), of the first volume of Miss Carpenter's admirable work on the treatment of criminals,\* we quoted two or three instances where that most painful practical problem, of dealing with prisoners under sentence, had been met by what we might call *moral genius*, in men whose rare personal power enabled them to do a work which no amount of mere good-will, or conscientious fidelity, or ordinary ability, would effect. And this is precisely the discouragement one finds, along with the inspiration, in such examples as those of Col. Montesinos, Obermaier, and Capt. Machonochie. We refer to the work again, in order to call attention to the still more important lessons of the second volume. After describing the absolute failure of the "ticket-of-leave" system, as administered by English courts, Miss Carpenter details at some length the "Irish system," of which the essential feature is a *gradation* of prison privileges, to be had by the prisoner on terms of very strict probation. The method was at first experimental, and had to be traced out and administered by a very superior class of prison officers; but its results—in the good order, the trustworthiness, and the genuine reformation of convicts—were equivalent to a *discovery* in social ethics, and a very important one. It seems to be clearly proved, that simple good sense and official fidelity can be relied on for producing results which had been considered the fruit of rare personal qualities, to be neither demanded nor hoped for in the ordinary agents of the criminal law. It would appear, that good conduct, and even permanent reformation, can be had, with about as much certainty as those results of military discipline on which the calculations of generals and statesmen depend.

To the suggestions of the remainder of this volume, the titles of the chapters will be a sufficient key: Female Convicts; Improvements; Prevention; Co-operation of Society. A very large portion of both volumes is made up from such documents as give it a certain official authority and value.

THE last and ablest work against the death-penalty, † is enriched by passages from the life of Professor Mittermaier, and by a concluding chapter in special relation to England. The enumeration of the

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\* Our Convicts. By MARY CARPENTER. London: Longmans. 8vo. 2 vols.

† Capital Punishment, based on Professor Mittermaier's "Todesstrafe." By J. M. MOIR. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1865.

subjects of the different chapters shows the nature of the work, statistical, argumentative, and encyclopedic. They are,—“Historical Sketch, Humanitarian Doctrines, Opinions since 1830, Legislation of the last Thirty Years, The Theory of State Rights, The Policy of Criminal Law, Statistics of Crime, Capital Sentences, Capital Punishment as a Deterrent, Effects of Executions, Condemnation of Innocent Persons, Reformation of Pardoned Criminals, Pardons, Arguments in favor of Capital Punishment, Arguments for its Abolition, Propositions for mitigating Evil Effects of Capital Punishment, Capital Punishment in England.” Passing over entirely the Scripture argument, the Heidelberg Law-Professor presents very many curious suggestions and significant facts. He shows that the punishment of death destroys the source of testimonial proof: the archives of crime being lodged in the breasts of criminals, their death is an act of impunity for all those who might have been detected by their evidence. Of the experience in Bavaria he states, that, while six executions took place a year, the average of murders, manslaughters, &c., exceeded twenty-two; but in later years, with an average of one execution a year, the rate of crimes against life was just half as large. At the last execution in Florence, he states that the people showed their disgust by closing the shops, deserting the streets, and crowding the churches, leaving very few spectators for the scaffold. Perhaps the Sardinian Government was led by such manifestations as this to entirely abandon the gallows in 1860. The remarkable amount of decrease in capital punishments shows, that England is on the way to abolish them altogether,—from 1601 in the year 1831, to 480 in 1834; 116 in 1838, and 54 in 1839. The progress is exceedingly gratifying, when we keep in mind that the population has been all the while increasing, and that the means of criminal reformation have signally failed in England.

MADAME ROLAND lives again in her newly-edited defence from the manuscripts bequeathed to the Royal Library in Paris.\* M. Dauban has restored all which previous editors had erased, and, at the risk of repetition, given to the world every word which she wrote during her fatal imprisonment. None but a Frenchwoman could have put in black and white many details which cannot be read with-

\* Mémoires de Madame Roland, seule Edition entièrement conforme au Manuscrit Autographe transmis en 1858 à la Bibliothèque Imperiale, publiée avec des Notes par C. A. DAUBAN. Paris: Henri Plon. 1864.

out a blush; none but a disciple of Rousseau could have disclosed the tender passion she bore to one who was not her husband, but whom she loved far better than the stately, frigid, pedantic Roland. Her appeal to posterity blotted with tears,—breathing nothing but defiance to her enemies,—vindicating her husband from the calumnies of the times,—shows a Spartan heroism rather than a Christian trust. Her early attachment to the Catholic Church had given way to a philosophical unbelief in any revelation. The days when she was expecting the sentence of death, the hours when she was waiting for the guillotine, were neither cheered by Scripture promise, nor soothed by the prayer of trust. But in public she was cheerful, before her judges self-sustained, to the prison convicts compassionate. Her fleeting hours were devoted to the most eloquent history of a lost cause ever traced by a woman's hand. Rejecting the offers of escape which her friends pressed upon her, she served her husband's memory better than when she wrote his State-papers, and lent his thoughts the ready flow of her gifted pen. But she did not die merely to avert persecution from the fallen minister. This Girondist leader, whom she loved so passionately,—himself the head of a little family,—could not be any thing more than a friend to her in this life; she believed they would be united in another; and, as he was certain to perish under the same persecution which was smiting down French liberty, she fancied they would soon come together where they could answer each other's want of sympathy. Her remarkable language to M. Buzot is, — “Thou whom I dare not name, thou whom men will some day appreciate, thou whom the most terrible of passions did not prevent from respecting the barriers of virtue! wouldst thou mourn to see me preceding thee to a place where we can love one another without wrong, where nothing will prevent our union? I shall wait for thee there. Farewell. From thee alone there is no separation: to quit the earth is to draw nearer thee.”

EDMOND DE PRESSENSÉ carries a believing spirit with him to the examination of the sacred sites and scenes.\* He goes to Palestine to find the footprints of the divine Master, and to have his faith in the superhuman dignity of Jesus fairly confirmed. The best result of his observations in the “Land of the Gospel” will doubtless appear in his forthcoming “Life of the Saviour,” which is to answer

\* *Le Pays de l'Évangile. Notes d'un Voyage en Orient.* Par EDMOND DE PRESSENSÉ. Avec une carte. Paris: Meymeis. 12mo. pp. 334.

the romance of Renan, and the series of myths into which Strauss has resolved the Evangelic narratives. In the meantime, as a pilot to the larger work, he has sent forth a small volume of notes of travel, pencillings by the way, which tell the course of his rapid journey, and record his impressions upon the spot. It is an interesting volume, at once liberal and reverent, charitable and wise, in its tone. There are few mistakes in matters of fact, and many of the quaint remarks have the force of aphorisms. M. de Pressensé differs from most of contemporary writers in avoiding exaggeration, both of statement and of style. His tour in Palestine, Turkey, and Greece, was the average tour of travellers in those regions, though he seems to have had more than the average of bad weather. In Egypt, he did not go beyond Cairo and the Pyramids. He had his share of the discomforts of oriental travel; but his complaint of these discomforts, of delays, of robbers, of vermin, and of lying dragomen, is singularly mild.

WE had promised ourselves the pleasure of an extended review of Mr. Bowles's interesting volume,\* but find the theme driven by stress of matter into the last corner of the Book-notices. Fortunately, Mr. Bowles's work needs no aid of ours to secure it popularity or just appreciation. By the felicity of its topic, and the intelligence and grace with which it is handled, this book has made its way "across the Continent." Read with instruction and delight on this side the Great Plains, it will be swallowed with the utmost avidity on the other side, where a lively description of their scenery and life, by a competent hand from the Atlantic Slope, is relished beyond the conception of those who have not visited the self-exiled pioneers of the western rim of the American Continent.

Mr. Bowles's book brings California and the Pacific Coast nearer home than any previous work on the subject; because, approaching it by the Plains, he carries his readers with him step by step all the way, allowing no foreign territory or barren ocean to break the sense of a continuous and united country. He makes the Plains attractive too, and shakes off that nightmare of a monotonous desert between, which has expatriated the Pacific Slope, and made us think of it as a trans-oceanic region, to which we more easily carried our imagination, *via* the Horn or the Isthmus, than by the land passage over our own

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\* *Across the Continent: a Summer's Journey to the Rocky Mountains, the Mormons, and the Pacific States, with Speaker Colfax.* By SAMUEL BOWLES, Editor of the "Springfield Republican." Springfield, Mass.: Samuel Bowles & Co. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 437.

soil. Urging heartily and with thorough conviction, the feasibility and necessity of the Pacific Railroad, Mr. Bowles throws a pathos into his plea, which nothing but a direct contact with those yearning countrymen of ours, cut off from home privileges and delights, could have inspired.

There is a great amount of serious instruction in this book, gay and glancing as its style is, touching the mineral wealth of the Pacific Coast; the occasional prizes, and more numerous blanks, in the mining business, with all the attractions and hardships of that fascinating and disappointing life. Almost every other flying visitor to the Mining Region has brought home an intoxicated fancy. Mr. Bowles preserves a judicial calmness and candor in treating this ticklish topic, which commands our full respect. There is vast wealth of gold and silver in our mines; but it costs so much to get it out, that the same amount of labor expended on agriculture or mechanic arts would enrich the population of the Pacific Coast quite as rapidly. But there are people in this world to whom mining has a charm of its own, independent of its returns; and such people will flock to the mineral region of the Pacific, be the risks and uncertainties what they may. We hope to see the magnificent agricultural resources of the Pacific valleys, and the pasturage of its glorious mountain ranges, fully developed; but we have no expectation that there will not always be a large percentage of its people engaged in *prospecting*, and digging for gold and silver.

The charm and glory of the Sierra Nevadas, and the general scenery of the Pacific Coast, Mr. Bowles sketches with an artistic appreciation, satisfactory to those who have not seen it. Those who have, will excuse him for not fitly portraying what is too grand, and too unlike any thing yet described in literature or art, to be the successful theme of an off-hand letter or flying journal. It needs the finest genius for thought and language, united with the rarest sensibility to Nature, to catch and communicate the rare flavor of the scenery of the Pacific Coast. Only those who have lived calmly and solidly in the midst of it without losing their sense of it—until they have grown up to it, and accommodated themselves to its vastness, its monotony, its absence of interesting detail, its immensity of general sublimity, its masses of light and shade set in an atmosphere of magical purity—can adequately set it forth. Almost universally those who have the opportunity have their eye and their souls blunted with familiarity. As yet, we have had no man of genius sufficiently *at home* in the Sierra Nevadas to paint with brush or words their characteristic majesty.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

## THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

The Church of England a Portion of Christ's One Holy Catholic Church, and a Means of Restoring Visible Unity; an Eirenicon in a Letter to the author of "The Christian Year." By E. B. Pusey, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. p. 395.

Christian Unity and its Recovery. By John S. Davenport. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 119.

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